

THE  
Slaveholders' Rebellion,

AND THE  
DOWNFALL OF SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

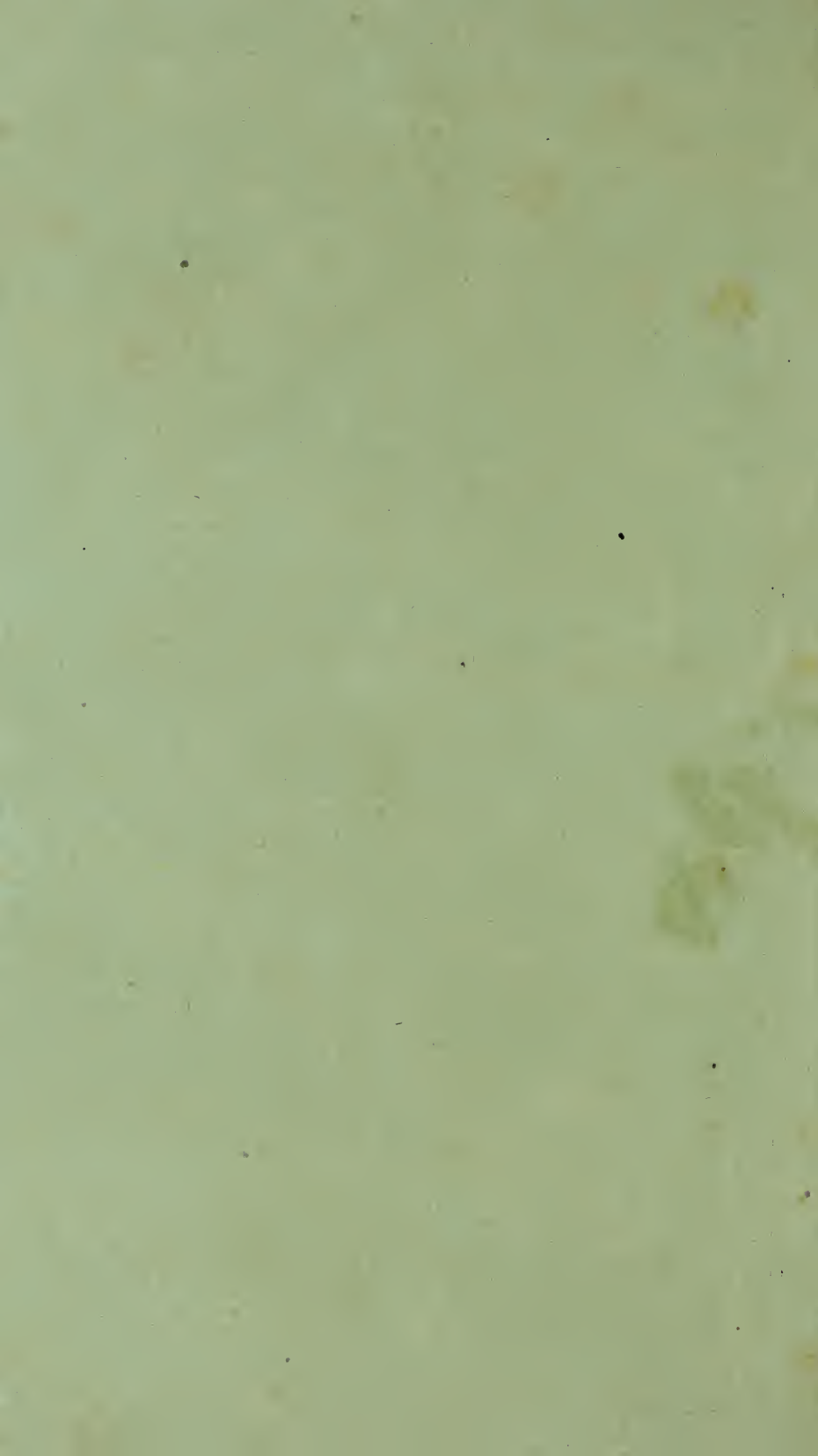
BY JOHN HARVEY.

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*"The Lord reigneth; Let the Earth rejoice!"—97th Ps: 1.*

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BURLINGTON, IOWA:  
HAWK-EYE STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.  
1865.



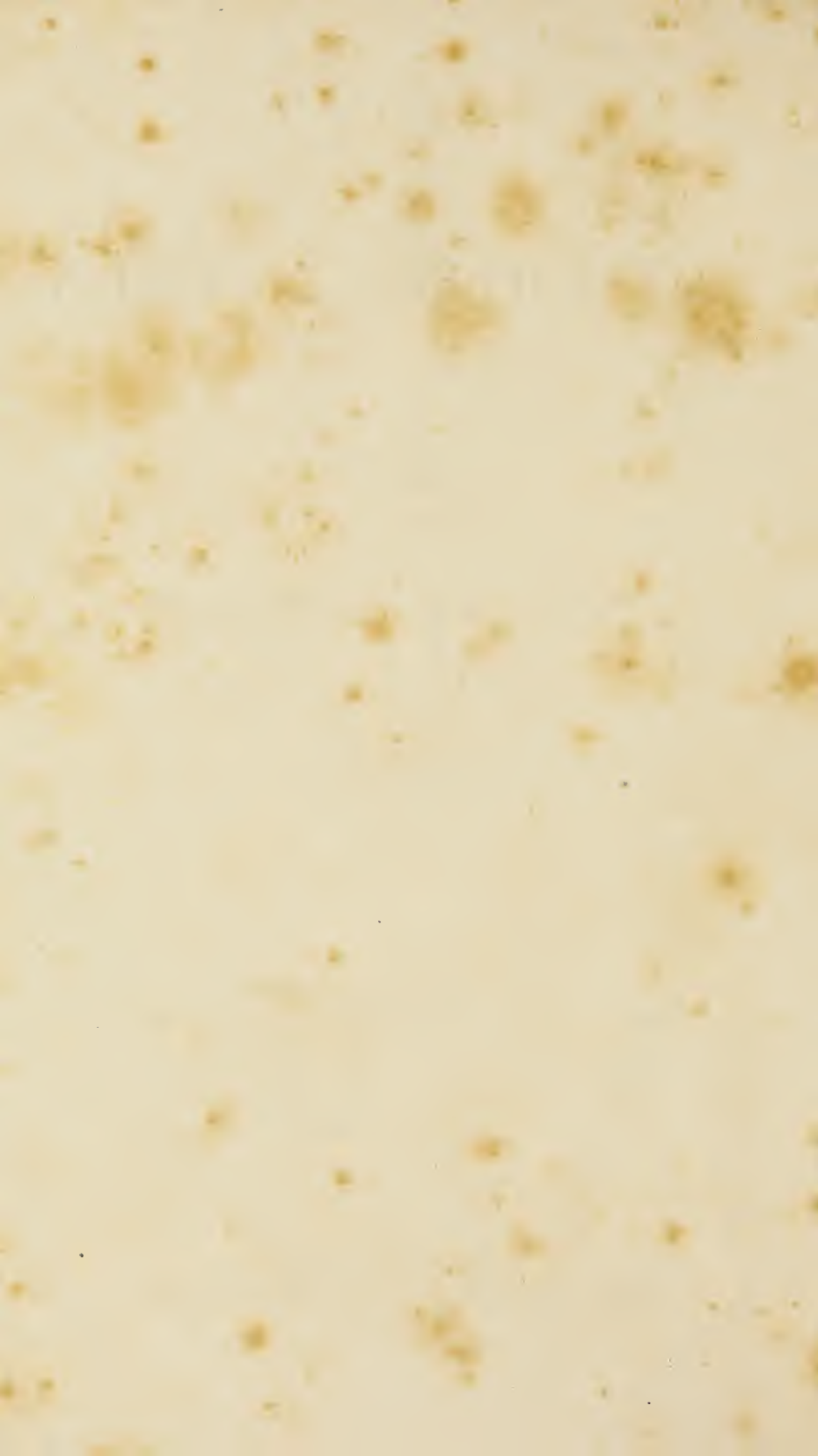
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## PREFACE.

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Having heard my father, when I was a small boy, read "Clarkson's History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade," containing extracts from the speeches of Pitt, Fox and Wilberforce, describing the horrors of the traffic in human beings, and the cruelties inflicted on the defenceless, unoffending descendants of Africa in all parts of the world where the system of slavery was maintained, I imbibed an intense hatred of the evil, which only increased as I advanced in years. My first remonstrance against the tolerated abominations of the system was written in 1824, when it was generally considered by politicians that the question was settled by the Missouri Compromise, and the doctrine prevalent among professors of Christianity was, that the North had nothing to do with slavery as it existed in the Southern States.

My subsequent writings on the subject—especially certain parts of my published works—were censured by some of my friends for containing "something too much like prophesying to be presumed by one who could not claim to be divinely inspired." But I then believed that the North was responsible for the maintenance and extension of slavery, by sending men to Congress every year who basely truckled to the domination of the slave power, and that if the evil could not be ended by peaceful means, it would some day fall with retributive weight upon our country. And when I found the Southern oligarchy was about to inaugurate a horrid civil war for the further protection of their unjust claims, I considered the end of slavery inevitable as any established fact; and notwithstanding the diffidence I felt of my ability even to please myself in such a work, I determined to write a sketch

of the history of her downfall, in connection with the events of the war; and the result was the production of the following pages, which, at the solicitation of many who have some knowledge of the work, I have concluded to publish, claiming no applause, and fearing no censure. But if it could, in any degree, promote among the young and ignorant the principles of human freedom and equal justice to all men, irrespective of color, the contemplation of such a result would be a source of pleasure to the mind of one who, now in the sixty-sixth year of his age, reflects with no regret, that he has long maintained the principles avowed in the work now submitted to the candid reader, by his sincere friend,

JOHN HARVEY.

PLEASANT PLAIN, IOWA, 7th month, 1865.



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# THE SLAVEOLDERS' REBELLION,

AND THE

## DOWNFALL OF SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

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### CHAPTER I.

SKETCH OF THE DOINGS OF THE SLAVE POWER—WAR WITH THE SEMINOLE INDIANS—SETTLEMENT AND ANNEXATION OF TEXAS—WAR WITH MEXICO AND CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA—FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW—ATTEMPTED ACQUISITION OF CUBA—TROUBLES IN KANSAS, AND OTHER EVENTS PRECEDING THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1860.

The revolution in America,  
Which freed the country from Great Britain's sway,  
Fail'd to establish such a Government,  
As would, in after time, be permanent.  
While claiming freedom for the human race,  
Slavery was left the nation to disgrace,  
Though in the Constitution that was framed  
Such thing as slave or slavery was not named ;  
A then existing evil let alone,  
Had since that time into a monster grown.  
While the slaveholders, proud and arrogant,  
Of something more were in continual want.  
They thought, "if Northern men could oxen take  
Wherever they might wish new homes to make,  
The Southerner could have no equal show,  
Unless his slaves could with his oxen go."

And still the North complied with their demands,  
 In the division of the new-State lands,  
 That they might carry slavery where the soil  
 Would best reward them for their bondmen's toil.  
 Though but a meagre part of the great whole,  
 They claim'd a right the nation to control ;  
 And, while they ruled the general government,  
 Still muttered everlasting discontent,  
 Because among the Free State men were knaves  
 Who would not help them catch their flying slaves,  
 And they must have a stronger guarantee  
 Than in a Constitution that was free.  
 And the submissive North the justice saw  
 Of giving them the "Fugitive Slave Law."  
 But I have been proceeding rather fast  
 And must review the ground already past,  
 That I may further show, by stating facts,  
 Their wicked principles and flagrant acts.  
 They raised a war against the Seminoles  
 For the recovery of a dozen souls,  
 Which some aristocrats in Georgia lost,  
 And this the nation forty millions cost.  
 'Twas in this war that bloodhounds were employ'd  
 To hunt the Indians whom they wished destroyed.  
 They settled Texas next, and then rebell'd,  
 And by our Government were still upheld,  
 And "annexation," by the nation's act,  
 Became a settled and disgraceful fact ;  
 Involving us in war with Mexico,  
 Forced by aggression to become our foe.  
 She with our Government, had peace preserved,  
 Until the Texans from allegiance swerved.  
 The settlers had received a grant of land  
 On terms which they could not misunderstand,

That "all who to enjoy the boon might go,  
 Were to obey the laws of Mexico."  
 But while the land with slaves was being fill'd,  
 The oligarchs a change of rulers will'd;  
 And the revolt was chiefly for the cause  
 That slavery was forbidden by the laws,  
 And blood and treasure thus were sacrificed  
 To aid a scheme the slaveocrats devised.  
 By perfidy upon the Texans' part,  
 And the corruption of the northern heart  
 Which sympathized with all that they had done,  
 And help'd them till the victory was won,  
 Two nations were involved in bloody strife  
 That Southern slavery might sustain her life,  
 And California was claimed to pay  
 The victors in this sanguinary fray.  
 The oligarchy thought as they had plan'd  
 This scheme of plunder to acquire the land,  
 That slavery must of course be taken there,  
 Or its exclusion be a sad affair.  
 "Shuck collars" and "rope-traces" must be made,  
 Before their baggage could be there convey'd;  
 And chains and manacles they must prepare,  
 And iron collars for the slaves to wear,  
 And if the Yankees were for them too fast,  
 It must the final hope of slavery blast.  
 Alas! for her,—her minions were too late—  
 The Yankees voted "free" the "Golden State."  
 The demon roused, and with a ghastly frown,  
 Swore that "the Union must be broken down,  
 Unless her rights could be respected more  
 By Northern men than they had been before."  
 Doughfaces blanch'd and statesmen stood amazed,  
 And even Webster trembled as he gazed,

While the foul monster with half-choking breath,  
 Belch'd forth her threats of vengeance, blood and death,  
 Until the fear of a disastrous fray  
 Aroused the energies of Henry Clay,  
 Famed for his skill a compromise to make,  
 Which the slave holders might at pleasure break.  
 And he a plan of compromise prepared,  
 Which Filmore "a finality" declared,  
 Of which the "Fugitive Slave Law" was part,  
 Design'd to pacify the southern heart,  
 And make the Abolitionists afraid  
 The rights of the slaveholders to invade,  
 And that the North should agitation cease  
 And let the Southerners enjoy some peace.  
 And while our greatest statesmen stood in awe,  
 And hoped much good might flow from such a law,  
 The valiant Giddings—heard above the din—  
 Denounced it as a compromise with sin ;  
 "Unconstitutional, and a disgrace  
 To any nation, civilized or base."  
 Although "the great pacification" gave  
 But little hope of freedom for the slave,  
 A hundred Abolitionists, or more,  
 Were made for ev'ry fifty known before ;  
 While Democrats, not past redemption, came  
 Out of a party deep in sin and shame,  
 And all the Whigs, save some old hunkers, saw  
 The folly and disgrace of such a law ;  
 The ignorant, unprincipled and vain,  
 Congratulated slavery on her gain.  
 She now might travel to our utmost bounds  
 And claim that free men should become her hounds,  
 And at her beck, the Marshal in each place,  
 Must set or lead them on a negro chase ;



And all who tried to thwart her base designs  
 Be punish'd by imprisonment and fines.  
 But while her party still to please her tried,  
 Her endless craving was not satisfied ;  
 She wanted Cuba to increase her power  
 Against the perils of some future hour.  
 "She could not in her Southern thousands trust,  
 If millions in the North became unjust ;  
 Her Representatives should number more  
 Than the free States could have upon the floor,  
 And Congress for her safety must provide,  
 Or the whole South would from the Union slide."  
 And the chief public functionary thought  
 The project right if Cuba could be bought.  
 A hundred millions from the nation's purse  
 Were offered to consolidate the curse.  
 But to a bargain with our government,  
 The Spanish ministry would not consent ;  
 They had no wish to weaken their own cause,  
 That slavery here might to the world give laws.  
 Though disappointed by the act of Spain,  
 The harlot's friends still hoped their point to gain,  
 And even sought a sham pretext for war,  
 To bring about what they were longing for ;  
 "Their mistress must the government control  
 And of the Union be the life and soul,  
 Or lay the Constitution on the shelf,  
 And leave the faithless North to help herself."  
 But while they wish'd what could not be obtained,  
 Another subject their attention gained :  
 Though Filmore thought that the last compromise  
 Had bless'd the nation with unclouded skies,  
 And, in his confidence of boasting, guess'd  
 The slavery question had been put to rest ;

Though both great parties in the next campaign,  
 Resolv'd that it should never rise again,  
 And Franklin Pierce had solemnly declared  
 That the "peace measures" should not be impair'd;  
 A storm was brewing in the regions where  
 The demon's breath disquieted the air,  
 Which soon burst forth, and where its fury spread  
 Revealed that agitation was not dead.  
 Kansas, the battle-ground, where Heav'n saw meet  
 That slavery should sustain a great defeat,  
 Of agitation had become the theme,  
 Involving many a base and wicked scheme.  
 The demagogues, where slavery long had ruled,  
 And Northern Democrats, whom she befool'd,  
 That she might all her wishes realize,  
 Had broken the "Missouri Compromise ;"  
 While the Conservatives, by Douglas led,  
 Had given "Squatter Sovereignty" instead,  
 That each new State might hence be free or slave,  
 According to the votes the settlers gave.  
 The oligarchy had themselves bestir'd,  
 And slavery's menials rallied at their word,  
 With the old functionary\* on their side,  
 And one much older† acting as their guide,  
 Their plans were formed, and eyes that whisky bleared,  
 Look'd brighter as a ray of hope appeared.  
 They thought since the restriction was removed,  
 The time for action ought to be improved ;  
 If Kansas in the struggle should be lost,  
 It even might the life of slavery cost ;  
 Her sacred rights required especial care  
 That none from the free States should settle there,

---

 \*James Buchanan

†Satan



Unless they voted as she might dictate,  
 Her curse to fasten on the coming State;  
 None had a right her title to dispute,  
 Where soil and climate might her purpose suit.  
 But men from the free States obtained foothold,  
 Whose birthright had not been to slavery sold;  
 Who had been educated to believe  
 That all who work'd, their earnings should receive;  
 And from their eastern homes, with freedom blest,  
 Had come to plant her banner in the West.  
 How they succeeded must on record stand  
 A thing accomplish'd by no mortal hand.  
 Though many noble souls, in Congress, stood  
 Against the wrong and for their country's good,  
 The truckling action of the President,  
 The power and patronage of government,  
 The pride of slavery and the spite of hell,  
 Were all combined free principles to quell;  
 Though border ruffians were by thousands armed,  
 And peaceful settlers constantly alarmed;  
 Though all the first elections were control'd  
 By armed non-residents to slavery sold;  
 Though Free State men were killed and houses burned,  
 The tables, soon by Providence were turned,  
 And Kansas slavery—like the house of Saul—  
 Before a higher power was doomed to fall,  
 At least four Governors had been removed  
 Who faithless to the cause of slavery proved,  
 Though each among the Democrats was found  
 And all considered on that question sound;  
 But based their action on the things they saw,  
 Without infringing the Organic Law,  
 And were too candid and upright to suit  
 The power that would the colored man imbrute.

They found the Free State men had settled there  
 Upon conditions that were just and fair ;  
 That they had brought their goods and taken claims,  
 And were impeached with no unlawful aims ;  
 While slavery's satellites appeared to roam,  
 And few in Kansas had a settled home,  
 But lived by plunder, chiefly from the stores  
 That better men had brought from other shores ;  
 And were employed, each with a gun or dirk,  
 To do for slavery foul and bloody work ;  
 Not to protect the rights of settlers there,  
 Who of taxation might their portion bear,  
 But more to rob and kill, or drive all out,  
 Of whose allegiance they might have a doubt,  
 That o'er the land she might her sway extend  
 And representatives to Congress send,  
 That she might rule the general government,  
 And future danger to her cause prevent.  
 But even then her destiny to die  
 Had been decreed and registered on high ;  
 A few more struggles and convulsive throes,  
 And her career of wickedness shall close.  
 When loyal Democrats may blush with shame  
 At the bare mention of Buchanan's name,  
 To think they voted for a man so base  
 To fill, at Washington, the highest place ;  
 Who, when the border ruffians might complain,  
 Must their base acts and policy sustain,  
 Against each principle of law and right,  
 With ev'ry thing but slavery out of sight ;  
 And to the base Lecompton swindle gave  
 The sanction of his name, the curse to save,  
 And each impartial Governor removed,  
 Whose action by the mob was not approved.

But the All-wise Disposer of events  
 Was bringing round a day of reeompense,  
 When those who tried her waning power to save  
 Would be compelled to dig the monster's grave.  
 When nations have become so reprobate  
 That the decrees of Heav'n have seal'd their fate ;  
 Their pride, ambition and imprudent course,  
 Of their own punishment become the source ;  
 And in the sequel we, no doubt, shall find  
 A consummation of the end designed ;  
 So far as our own nation is concerned,  
 When we, through judgment, righteousness have learn'd.  
 The nation had been warn'd a thousand times  
 Against the evil and its train of crimes ;  
 The christian heart was pain'd for many years,  
 And honest statesmen had expressed their fears ;  
 But notwithstanding all that had been preach'd,  
 And though the hearts of thousands had been reached,  
 A reckless party at the North were bound  
 Upon the side of slavery to be found,  
 Who were not only willing she should live,  
 But all she wanted were disposed to give.  
 Instead of ending such a blighting curse  
 The friends of slavery had been growing worse ;  
 Their perfidy was shown at different times,  
 But Kansas cap'd the climax of their crimes.  
 And by this time all honest men had found  
 That they by neither law nor right were bound,  
 And that for all the compromises made,  
 The North with perfidy had been repaid ;  
 And all concessions for the sake of peace,  
 For all the good they did as well might cease.  
 The friends of freedom had become aroused  
 And with more energy the cause espoused ;

And even thousands, who before had been  
 Too prone to make a compromise with sin,  
 To the conviction were compelled to yield,  
 That slavery wanted more than half the field;  
 And joined in the Republican campaign  
 Her lust of power and plunder to restrain, —  
 That she with all her negro hunting hounds,  
 Might be confined within her present bounds.  
 And thus a mighty host became arrayed  
 Against the power that had such mischief made;  
 While slavery's friends, bewildered in a fog,  
 Became divided—Gog against Magog—  
 One party wicked and the other wrong,  
 And disunited neither could be strong;  
 One hated negroes, and their friends despised,  
 But no great love of slavery realized;  
 The other with the harlot was in love,  
 And claimed that she descended from above,  
 And should be cherished to the end of time,  
 And to oppose her was a daring crime.  
 And when the Presidential contest came,  
 Their party tactics were no more the same,  
 And—since the will of Heaven had sealed their fate—  
 Each faction ran a different candidate,  
 And efforts to conciliate the twain,  
 Were all abortive as their hope was vain.  
 Each Northern Democrat that had been tried,  
 Had proven faithful to the Southern side;  
 Subservient and basely truckling still,  
 Each tried to do the oligarchy's will,  
 But failed in some impracticable parts,  
 To ease the craving of their evil hearts;  
 And hence, slaveholding jealousy and pride,  
 Resolved in such no longer to confide;



But they must have a native Southern man,  
 Of slavery's votaries to lead the van ;  
 Since Breckinridge had his position graced,  
 He in the highest office should be placed ;  
 And Douglas to his leadership must yield,  
 And bring their Northern allies to the field.  
 But these all thought that Douglas was the man  
 To beat, with ease, the Abolition clan,  
 While any ultra Southerner would fail,  
 Against the friends of freedom to prevail.  
 And while they wasted, in their party strife,  
 All their remaining elements of life,  
 The friends of freedom, a united band,  
 Embracing the best talents in the land,  
 With more than twice the moral worth and weight,  
 Required the balance to preponderate.  
 If all who then against them might contend,  
 Were placed together on the other end,  
 Met at Chicago to mature a plan  
 For the selection of an honest man,  
 To take the weak old functionary's place,  
 Whose public acts involved him in disgrace ;  
 And Abr'am Lincoln, who had earn'd some praise,  
 As a rail-mauler, in his younger days,  
 And since, for acumen and judgment sound,  
 And his strict, legal honesty renown'd,  
 Was call'd, by the Convention, to the post  
 Of "standard bearer" for the mighty host  
 Of freemen ; no sanguinary fight,  
 But moral action on the side of right.  
 And, in the sequel, as we soon shall see,  
 The friends of freedom won the victory.  
 But while the freemen of the North prepared  
 To carry out the principles declared,

Upon the platform at Chicago framed,  
 And rally to the standard-bearer named,  
 The Southern mind—a gassy element—  
 Before expanded to its full extent,  
 Began to show the vessel soon must burst,  
 Or be rebanded stronger than at first.  
 A few events transpired a year before,  
 Which in some places raised a wild uproar,  
 While “Helper’s Book\*”—“the Crisis of the South”—  
 Made curses flow from many a vulgar mouth;  
 “Old Kansas Brown” and his companions made  
 Upon a fated shore a daring raid,  
 Which spread such consternation and alarms  
 Among the lords of “Old Virginia” farms,  
 That distant objects, seen in dim moonshine,  
 Appeared like soldiers ranged in battle line,  
 And even shrubs, and stumps, and old fence-posts,  
 Became transformed to Abolition ghosts.  
 All men condemn’d the rash designs of Brown,  
 By fraud and force to put the evil down,  
 While he—no doubt deranged upon that theme—  
 Thought God would aid him in his reckless scheme;  
 And I shall leave it to be as it may  
 In the disclosures of the judgment day.  
 But even on the day that Brown was hung,  
 For aught we know, exalting strains were sung  
 O’er slavery’s final doom, where long before  
 A song announced the fall of “the great whore;”  
 For slavery, of her children not the least,  
 Had borne “the mark and image of the beast,”  
 And had been worship’d like the beast before,

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\*A book entitled “The Impending Crisis of the South,” by Hinton  
 B. Helper of North Carolina.



That shared the judgment of the mystic whore ;  
And sham Democracy, like slavery doomed,  
I hope may with her mistress be entom'b ;  
And that her last slave-ridden son and heir,  
Has occupied the Presidential chair.

## CHAPTER II.

ELECTION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN—THE SOUTHERN OLIGARCHY IN THEIR PRIDE AND WRATH INCITE THE MINIONS OF SLAVERY TO INSURRECTION—CONSEQUENT EVENTS—PROCLAMATION OF FREEDOM, ETC.; EMBRACING A PERIOD OF THREE YEARS

From the swartwouting frauds of Jackson's time,  
To Secretary Floyd's stupendous crime,  
There had been almost a continual drain  
Upon the treasury, slavery to sustain ;  
And when her friends perceived the North awake,  
Their agitated frames began to shake,  
And, ere they knew how the campaign would end,  
Made vaunting threats her altars to defend,  
Where she might immolate her victims still,  
While the submissive North performed her will,—  
That to his rule they never would consent,  
If Lincoln should be chosen President.  
But by a legal triumph more complete,  
No President had ever claimed a seat.  
Although they knew the victory obtained  
By Lincoln's party, had been fairly gained,  
And that his declaration had been clear,  
That with State rights he would not interfere,  
But in the States where slavery might be found,  
Should leave her to enjoy her present ground,  
They wanted more, and—like the fiends of old\*—  
Seditious councils soon began to hold ;

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\*See Milton's account of the "Rebel Angels "

And in accordance with the course approved,  
 The public arms were to the South removed,  
 While James Buchanan, a poor pliant tool,  
 Submitted to the slavocratic rule,  
 And after the rebellion had begun,  
 Did nothing to prevent what might be done.  
 They armed themselves and had begun to drill,  
 With a design "the Lincolnites" to kill,  
 If they should come and dare to claim the place  
 Of the officials who had been so base.  
 He either had a treasonable hand  
 In a rebellion foul as e'er was plan'd,  
 Or, in his servile dotage, was too weak  
 A word of warning or rebuke to speak ;  
 While Douglas, faithful to the Union cause,  
 Stood firmly for the government and laws ;  
 And Breckinridge, the Southern candidate,  
 Threw on the rebel scale his worthless weight.  
 There never yet among the earthly powers  
 Arose a better Government than ours,  
 With the exception that it spared the sin,  
 Which had a cause of ceaseless trouble been,  
 'Till its influence in a league with hell,  
 Inspired the friends of slavery to rebel,  
 And fire, and sword with murd'rous hands employ,  
 The Government designing to destroy,  
 That on its ruins they might build their own,  
 With negro slavery for its corner stone,  
 And in its superstructure, human rights  
 Denied to many children of the whites.  
 And hence a horrid civil war must rage  
 'Till its events the wrath of Heaven assuage ;  
 When God shall overrule the wrath of man  
 To consummate His own unerring plan ;

When the last shackles from the slaves shall fall,  
 And equal freedom be secured to all.  
 When Satan and his angels, in their pride,  
 The pow'r and majesty of Heav'n defied,  
 And when they thought Omnipotence to quell,  
 For their presumption, found a place in hell;  
 No rasher act was in that instance done,  
 Than when the South into rebellion run,  
 And slavery's doting votaries will find  
 That their presumption equally was blind.  
 The Northern Democrats had been their friends,  
 And long had helped them to obtain their ends,  
 And they supposed the North might still contain,  
 Some thousands whose assistance they would gain;  
 And these united with the South could stand  
 Against all the fanatics in the land;  
 A strong conviction that the South was right,  
 Would nerve their arms upon that side to fight;  
 And "Old Abe Lincoln" would be killed before  
 "The base usurper" reach'd the White House door;  
 And hence the Black Republicans would fear  
 The wrath of slavery, and her pow'r revere;  
 Shrink back with dread to where they ought to stay,  
 And leave her friends the government to sway;  
 And when the Capitol should be possessed,  
 No mighty struggle would achieve the rest.  
 That wicked principle so long the cause  
 Of flagrant violations of the laws,  
 Of gags in Congress and the mobs employ'd  
 Whereby free printing presses were destroyed;  
 The cause of burning Pennsylvania Hall,  
 And Lovejoy's house and his unhappy fall;  
 The lynching in the South of Northern men,  
 For no unlawful use of tongue or pen;

The threat to tar and feather Samuel Hoar\*,  
 And his expulsion from a Southern shore,  
 Where he was duly sent by his own State  
 Some legal business to negotiate;  
 And the base bully act of caning done  
 On Sumner, Massachusetts's honored son,  
 Was never by the Government restrained,  
 And in the South such an ascendant gain'd,  
 The friends of slavery thought they could not bear  
 Abe Lincoln in the Presidential chair.  
 Their schemes were all malignantly devised,  
 But none of them have yet been realized,  
 Though villains watch'd for Lincoln, on the way,  
 He pass'd through Maryland without display,  
 Some hours ahead of the appointed time,  
 And thus they failed to consummate their crime.  
 And their designs the Capitol to take,  
 Of Lincoln's Government an end to make,  
 And his concomitants to prison send,  
 All, in abortions, found a speedy end.  
 As troubled hornets, for the nest in fear,  
 Buzz round and sting each one that comes too near,  
 So slavery's minions fearing that her cause  
 Would not be well supported by the laws,  
 Had raised a buss that nothing could allay,  
 While hated objects in their sight might stay;  
 And thus when Lincoln into office came,  
 He found the rebels "foaming out their shame,"  
 And toil'd until all honest means were spent  
 To calm the tumult and a war prevent.  
 And Congress tried, till trying lost its use,  
 A loyal friendly feeling to produce.

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\*A lawyer, sent by the Governor of Massachusetts to Charleston, South Carolina, to procure the liberation of some free colored men in jail there, and advertised to be sold as slaves.



A compromise was drafted with much care\*,  
 Which some slaveholding members thought was fair,  
 While all the ultras spurn'd it from their sight,  
 "And must have more, or they were bound to fight;  
 The independence of the South must be  
 Established by a special guarantee,  
 And Northern men behave themselves so well,  
 That North and South in amity might dwell."  
 But this the friends of freedom thought was wrong,  
 The oligarchs had domineer'd too long,  
 And they believed would never be content  
 With bounds less wide than the whole Continent;  
 Cuba and Mexico were in their view,  
 And none must hinder what they wish'd to do.  
 As Pharoah did not stop to calculate  
 What might of his whole army be the fate,  
 When acting on a principle as just  
 As that which first inspired the rebels' trust,  
 They rashly drove between two walls of waves,  
 And in the sea's dark bosom found their graves,—  
 So the poor rebels did not count the cost  
 Of waging war for less than might be lost;  
 They feared the loss of their inhuman rights  
 And madly rush'd between the blacks and whites—  
 Between five hundred thousand stalwart slaves†  
 And millions of freemen to make their graves.  
 They should have known when they the North defied,  
 That their own slaves would fight on freedom's side;  
 But as the time drew near when Heav'n's decree  
 Would from their tyrants set the bondmen free,  
 And scourge a guilty nation for the wrong,  
 Which had already been endured too long;

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\*Known as the Crittenden Compromise.

†I meant, in this calculation, to include only such slaves as might become effective soldiers.



The proud oppressors of an injured race  
 Took a rash leap tow'rds ruin and disgrace.  
 They had commenced a work that soon must lead,  
 From dark intrigues to many a horrid deed ;  
 Which through the South would desolation spread,  
 And strew their fields with the ensanguined dead.  
 And they already had pursued so far,  
 Their reckless schemes of treason, blood and war,  
 That while the Compromisers talked of peace,  
 Their hostile demonstrations did not cease.  
 They seized the public military posts,  
 Built by the nation on the Southern coasts.  
 It would be useless all the forts to name,  
 Which under the control of rebels came.  
 Of all that into their possession fell,  
 But few contained a loyal force to quell ;  
 Pro-slavery officers, in each command,  
 Agreed to what the leading rebels plan'd ;  
 With one exception, which preserved its name  
 From the black record of eternal shame,  
 And Sumter's fall will be remember'd long,  
 As a bold stroke in this stupendous wrong.  
 A loyal man, the garrison control'd,  
 And to the rebels it could not be sold,  
 But its defender was compelled to yield  
 And leave the traitors masters of the field.  
 Yet it to them was an ill-fated day,  
 When on the fort their shot began to play,  
 Portentous of their own and slavery's fall,  
 As surely as they batter'd Sumter's wall.  
 While Anderson his loyalty maintain'd,  
 And faithful to their trust his men remain'd,  
 The fortress by the rebels was assailed,  
 Until the garrison's provisions failed,

And heated shot had fired the wood within,  
 Endangering the powder magazine,  
 When Anderson surrender'd, as advised,  
 To save his men from being sacrificed,  
 Who sail'd immediately for New York,  
 And left the rebels to pursue their work.  
 Convinced, by what had been already done,  
 That civil war in earnest had begun,  
 The President resolved to make no pause  
 In his exertions to maintain the laws,  
 And called on State authorities for aid,  
 To quell the lawless force in arms array'd.  
 But that his action might be understood  
 To be conservative of public good,  
 He to the rebel party notice gave,  
 To ground their arms, and blood and treasure save;  
 And limited the time to twenty days,  
 When they should cease a lawless flag to raise.  
 But as the call or proclamation made,  
 Was by no rebel Governor obey'd,  
 Three score and fifteen thousand volunteers  
 Were called, for months, to do the work of years.  
 'Twas thought, at first, this number might suffice  
 To cast such light before the rebels' eyes,  
 That they might see the danger close ahead,  
 And back to loyalty and peace be led.  
 But as their cup of sin was running o'er,  
 Infatuated, like the Jews of yore—  
 Of whom 'twas said, by one divinely wise,  
 The things of peace were hidden from their eyes—  
 They were unwilling to indulge the thought,  
 That their adventure was with ruin fraught.  
 An ignis fatuus in the distance seen,  
 Which shed no light upon the gulf between.

Allured them to attempt the darksome way,  
 Through which their path to "independence" lay;  
 And they resolved to keep their course, in spite  
 Of all who might attempt to set them right.  
 And while they might their tens of thousands boast,  
 A treble number swelled the Northern host;  
 Beside some thousands in the rebel land,  
 Who for the Union still desired to stand;  
 And hence the men embraced in the first call,  
 Did not amount to a tenth part of all  
 Who had resolved the Union to maintain,  
 And prove the hope of its destruction vain.  
 The dupes of slavery had been drilled before  
 The Northern army reached a hostile shore;  
 And while the rebel posts were fortified,  
 The Union troops were drill'd till thousands died.  
 Though many skirmishes had taken place,  
 With no result to change the primal case,  
 Though some important battles had been fought,  
 Some rebels kill'd and scores of prisoners caught;  
 The principal event of sixty-one,  
 Was the disastrous battle of Bull Run,  
 Which o'er the North the pall of mourning spread,  
 For husbands, sons, and brothers with the dead,  
 While for some hundreds of the rebels killed,  
 Ten thousand Southern hearts with grief were filled.  
 With Beauregard's and Johnston's troops combined,  
 And half the Union army left behind,  
 The rebels numbered more than two to one,  
 And no great things were by their prowess done;  
 The greatest folly in their boasting, was  
 That "God had help'd them in a righteous cause."  
 Within the next twelve days, another call—  
 Because the former number was too small--

To all the loyal States, from Lincoln's pen  
 Was issued, for five hundred thousand men ;  
 And mighty armies soon in dread array,  
 Were drawn to mingle in the deadly fray ;  
 And while they fought with various success,  
 Increased the desolation and distress.  
 And notwithstanding slavery was the cause  
 Of traitors trampling on the nation's laws,  
 The wanton waste of life, the treasure lost,  
 And all the blood the struggle yet might cost ;  
 Some thousands hoped the Union to restore,  
 With slavery still existing as before ;  
 And even Lincoln seem'd to have no thought  
 This waste of blood and treasure was for naught,  
 If those who strove the Union to maintain,  
 Of its destruction let the cause remain ;  
 But Fremont saw, as in the light of day,  
 Wherein the strength of the rebellion lay ;  
 It was for slavery that the traitors fought,  
 And all this trouble on the nation brought,  
 And that to strike the fetters from the slave,  
 Would bring secession sooner to its grave ;  
 And with this view a proclamation made,  
 That where he march'd or where his army stayed,  
 The slaves of all the rebels should be freed,  
 And hence their toil no fighting traitors feed.  
 But there were certain hybrids in those parts,  
 The friends of slavery, boasting loyal hearts—  
 A snow-white blackbird, or a crow-black swan,  
 Would be no rarer thing than such a man—  
 To such as these his action gave offense,  
 And his removal was the consequence.  
 But Hunter, who succeeded in command,  
 Still carried out what Fremont plan'd ;



Nor tried to thwart the contraband designs,  
 Of slaves that came within the Union lines.  
 But he was superseded soon and sent  
 Upon another field to pitch his tent,  
 And at Port Royal, on the rebel shore,  
 His business prosper'd better than before ;  
 No " Union savers " here his course could blame,  
 And contrabands by scores and hundreds came  
 To " Massa Hunter," and protection found  
 As freemen on their former master's ground ;  
 And being left to follow his own course,  
 Some thousands of the slaves increased his force.  
 The work of freeing slaves was thus begun,  
 Though a small business for some time was done.  
 The course of Butler on the eastern shore,  
 Was sanctioned by the President before  
 Fremont had promulgated his decree,  
 Or Hunter set some slaves of rebels free ;  
 Why then should these two men have been removed,  
 For what in Butler's case had been approved ?  
 If this was not the cause on Lincoln's part,  
 'Twas the chief ground in each accuser's heart ;  
 Though many things were said to have been done,  
 Which into needless debt the nation run ;  
 If they had still perform'd what slavery bid,  
 The rest would all have been in darkness hid,  
 Or been no more than was by others done,  
 Who no great risk of their dismissal run.  
 But at Port Royal no such things were found,  
 As friends of slavery for the Union sound,  
 And Hunter, from such parasites away,  
 Had with whole-hearted rebels fairer play.  
 And Butler, afterwards at New Orleans,  
 Among slaveholders made a change of scenes ;

And some base women-whippers, for the deed  
 Were sent to prison, and their victims freed ;  
 But some pretended Union lovers here,  
 Thought many of his acts were too severe ;  
 And any plan the Government to save,  
 Required no interference with the slave,  
 And his removal was at length procured,  
 To ease the pains some croakers had endured.  
 But things were near the culminating point,  
 One arm of Government was out of joint,  
 And while it dangled as a mere excuse,  
 The other was of less effective use ;  
 A bloody contest filled the world with noise,  
 And held the nation's fate in equipoise,  
 Between the Union armies in the field,  
 And hosts of rebels, bound to never yield ;  
 And Lincoln saw that something must be done,  
 Before a final vict'ry could be won.  
 He also saw that on the traitor side,  
 By negro toil the towns were fortified ;  
 And that to build a fort or plant a gun,  
 The work must chiefly by the slaves be done ;  
 And that the hope of the rebellion stood  
 On slavery, for its main supply of food ;  
 And from the impulse of a trying hour,  
 Resolved to break this arm of rebel power,  
 Without respect to any, North or South,  
 With traitor hearts, and Union in their mouth.  
 I have no doubt the President had long  
 Believed that slavery was a greivous wrong,  
 But had no thought before the war began,  
 Of the adoption of his present plan ;  
 But now—in eighteen hundred sixty-two—  
 As the result of an enlightened view,



Proclaimed that all the slaves which might be held  
 In each and every State that had rebell'd,  
 Save in some loyal districts, should be free  
 On the first day that dawn'd in 'sixty-three.  
 This stroke of policy the wrath aroused  
 Of all who had the rebel cause espoused ;  
 While ev'ry honest hearted Union man  
 Thank'd God and joyfully approved the plan ;  
 Believing slavery's final overthrow,  
 The only good that from the war could flow.\*  
 By virtue of this dash of Lincoln's pen,  
 The chattel millions took their place with men—  
 Not that their freedom yet was realized,  
 But just as certain on the plan devised,  
 As that the Ruler of the universe  
 Decrees an end of the slaveholding curse.  
 And while He works by instrumental means,  
 Reversing human plans and earthly scenes,  
 What wicked men for evil had designed,  
 Is changed to suit His own eternal mind.  
 It was for slavery's sake the rebels fought,  
 But God ordain'd their schemes should come to naught ;  
 And Lincoln was an agent in this case,  
 For the enlargement of an injured race ;  
 And thus, in eighteen hundred sixty-three,  
 Some thousands saw the year of jubilee.  
 And now—in eighteen hundred sixty-four—  
 What thousands swarm on Mississippi's shore,  
 Who but a year before, were bound to toil  
 For haughty tyrants on the rebel soil,  
 But now, though poor, rejoicing in the light  
 That springs from a restored God-given right.  
 And though some thousands yet are held as slaves,

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\*The only good not possessed before

They see the banner that above them waves,  
And beckons them to join the thousands free  
In celebrating the great jubilee,  
And praising God that slavery's reign is o'er,  
And that her pow'r shall curse the land no more,  
Nor instigate a cruel war to save  
Her filthy carcass from its destined grave,

## CHAPTER III.

EVENTS OF 1864—SHOWING THE GENERAL SUCCESS OF THE UNION CAUSE  
AND THE DECLINE OF THE REBEL POWER SINCE THE ADOPTION OF THE  
EMANCIPATION SCHEME.

I am no prophet nor a prophet's son,  
But think that slavery's race is nearly run ;  
Though still she struggles hard to save her life,  
Her death alone can end the present strife.  
A beast that has received a fatal wound,  
With his pursuers may dispute the ground,  
While he for life on the vain hope depends,  
Which the excitement of the moment lends,  
But soon from loss of blood, and strength, and breath,  
He sinks, and all his rage is calm'd in death ;  
So slavery in her desperation tries  
To show her courage—fighting 'til she dies—  
While her poor Northern sympathizers feel  
A hope that some kind hand her wounds may heal.  
May such great disappointment be their lot,  
That they may see her buried and forgot.  
But men have not yet done all that they should  
For the promotion of the country's good ;  
The Constitution should be alter'd, so  
That slavery can no resurrection know,  
That neither she nor any of her kin,  
Again the nation may involve in sin.  
And when I hear a Northern man declare  
His hope, the war may end and slavery spare,

Unless the negroes, at no distant day,  
 Can, from the country, all be sent away,  
 I think it would be well if he were sent  
 To toil in slavery till he might repent.  
 And when professors of the christian name,  
 A scripture sanction for oppression claim,  
 And hold that all who love their country's cause,  
 May kill the violators of her laws;  
 But while they send the rebels to their graves,  
 Should neither arm the blacks nor free the slaves;  
 I think no infidel could have a soul  
 More safely under Satan's dark control;  
 And that no people have a better right  
 Than men of color, in this war to fight;  
 Nor deeper int'rest in the sad events  
 Which mark their tyrants' day of recompense.  
 And what a dreadful reckoning awaits  
 The cruel band of rebel reprobates,  
 Who at Fort Pillow basely massacred  
 Some hundreds of the blacks that had been freed.  
 Were these poor color'd victims more to blame  
 Than all the whites who bore the Union name,  
 Who carried out the President's decree  
 To set the slaves of rebel masters free?  
 Released from servitude so long unjust,  
 Their new position was a place of trust,  
 Where their last hope of freedom must depend  
 On the success that might their arms attend;  
 And when they yielded to superior force,  
 They hop'd for mercy as a thing of course;  
 Resigned to lose their liberty and arms,  
 And be returned to toil on rebel farms;  
 But realized the worst that they could dread,  
 While some alive were buried with the dead.

This fiendish act, so desperately base,  
 Reveal'd the rebels in a hopeless case ;  
 Why could they not return the blacks as slaves,  
 Instead of sending them to bloody graves ?  
 Had they not known the master's hope was vain,  
 His human chattels longer to retain ?  
 Some States where slavery had been long maintained,  
 But which within the Union still remained,  
 Came not within the scope of the decree,  
 Which made the slaves of the Confederates free ;  
 Of these, Kentucky, to her sad disgrace,  
 Still clings to slavery with a strong embrace,  
 And fears, if negroes should be train'd to arms,  
 'Twill make them useless on their master's farms ;  
 While Maryland, Missouri, Tennessee  
 And West Virginia hope to soon be free.  
 And two States\*—rebel when the war began—  
 Are acting on the reconstruction plan,  
 Resolved that from henceforth their fertile soil  
 Shall not be cursed by unrequited toil.  
 God speed them in their noble work, and lead  
 Kentucky to perform a righteous deed ;  
 Then little Delaware may vainly try  
 To hold her slaves, for slavery's self shall die.  
 And now while savage guerrillas fight,  
 And kill the innocent to vent their spite,  
 And goods and crops upon the farms destroy,  
 Where Union men free color'd hands employ ;  
 Victorious armies on the Union side,  
 Have driven Lee within his works to hide ;  
 And Butler now to Richmond is so near,  
 Its speedy fall the starving rebels fear ;

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\*Arkansas and Louisiana.



While Sherman follows close on Johnston's heels,  
 And now and then a blow upon him deals,  
 But where he marches through the towns and farms,  
 Maltreats no rebels who lay down their arms—  
 Unlike the base bushwhackers who are bound  
 To kill the whites with color'd soldiers found,  
 But for their savage deeds the time draws nigh,  
 When they must all ingloriously die,  
 As soon as they are caught be hung or shot,  
 Their bodies perish, and their memory rot.  
 Alas that such a fate should e'er betide  
 Men with immortal souls, for whom Christ died,  
 But when they spurn the grace that He would give,  
 Whereby they might return, repent and live,  
 And in no better thing than slavery trust,  
 Their doom is sealed and their destruction just.  
 Lord, in Thy mercy, let the streams be dried,  
 Which through our country swell the crimson tide,  
 And the great sin which to the war gave birth,  
 Be ended here and banished from the earth;  
 And for this purpose, to the men in power,  
 Give strength and wisdom for each trying hour,  
 That they may never falter in their trust,  
 Nor pander to a principle unjust;  
 Confound the counsels of those wicked men,  
 Who by a venal use of tongue or pen,  
 Are using their influence to restore  
 To slavery all that she possessed before;  
 Frustrate their base and infamous designs,  
 To give the masters back their concubines,  
 And to restore the slaves of every man,  
 In whose depravity the war began.  
 And grant, O God, if traitors there may be,  
 Who, by repentance, might return to Thee,

That they may leave their present evil ways,  
 And by their future works promote Thy praise.  
 Enable Lincoln to perform the part  
 Of a wise ruler with an honest heart,  
 While on his side the wise and good unite  
 To banish evil and establish right;  
 And let their efforts with success be crown'd,  
 Which to Thy praise and glory may redound.  
 I wrote on slavery twenty years ago,\*  
 But had no hope to see its overthrow,  
 For I was then a weak, unhealthy man,  
 But Providence has lengthened out my span.  
 I then believed that slavery's doom was seal'd,  
 And heavy judgments nigh to be reveal'd,  
 Unless repentance should the nation save,  
 And slavery sink into a peaceful grave.  
 But when I lived to see the work begun,  
 And the oppressors' day of grace had run,  
 When the slave-holders, in their pride and spite,  
 Against the government began to fight,  
 With sordid hopes advantages to gain,  
 Which might of slavery widen the domain,  
 But failed, as I believe they ever must,  
 Who in so vile a thing as slavery trust,  
 I could not well forbear to write a scroll,  
 Commemorative of their dreadful fall.  
 Though darkness still enshrouds the bloody strife,  
 And slavery struggles to sustain her life,  
 Through clouds and darkness, rays of living light  
 Inspire the hope that "all will come out right."  
 "The Fugitive Slave Law" has been repeal'd,  
 And slavery's fate in Maryland is seal'd;

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\*See pages 76 and 114 of my published works.

An alteration in "the bill of rights,"  
 Declares the blacks no more the slaves of whites—  
 Let each free State with Maryland rejoice,  
 That she has made a wise and happy choice ;  
 Henceforth to take her place among the rest,  
 Uncurs'd by slavery, and with freedom blessed.  
 While ev'ry loyal man is wishing peace,  
 When the rebellion and its cause shall cease,  
 'Tis strange what multitudes in the free North,  
 Of little moral principle or worth,  
 From the influence that their leaders wield,  
 Encourage traitors to maintain the field,  
 Till the election may assurance give  
 That rebeldom and slavery still may live ;  
 Who feel more horrified to think that slaves  
 May walk as freemen o'er their masters' graves,  
 Than they would feel if all the war has cost,  
 Should be by the success of traitors lost ;  
 Who, while they clamor still for peace, would fight  
 Against what God designs to bring out right ;  
 Procuring arms and losing them as fast  
 As loyal Governors their treason blast.  
 The arms obtained in a clandestine way,  
 Are not permitted in their hands to stay.  
 Dark-hearted, ignorant and dupes of lies,  
 They think themselves of all mankind most wise,  
 And hope to reinstate the base misrule  
 Of the Buchanan and Lecompton school,  
 When, with a Democratic President,  
 His friends may share the spoils of government ;  
 All bless'd once more with liberty and peace,  
 The Union saved and slavery not to cease,  
 McClellan, Davis and Vallandigham,  
 United to promote the happy sham ;

The public arms that Lincoln's troops resign,  
 All left for safety south of Dixon's line;  
 Swartwouts and Floyds abscond with all the funds,  
 And southern traitors hold the forts and guns.  
 What a fine picture this would be of peace,  
 When traitors may be hired the war to cease,  
 By granting them, what all their friends think fair,  
 The right to carry slavery everywhere,  
 And in that right to be secured by laws  
 As black as ever made in slavery's cause.  
 In scenes of carnage I have no delight,  
 But now will turn to where the armies fight,  
 And show how Lincoln's forces dissipate  
 The hopes that once could rebel hearts elate,  
 And cheer their northern friends, or soothe the fear,  
 That liberated slaves would all come here.  
 I think the shadow of events foreshows  
 That this ungodly strife must shortly close,  
 But in no way to answer the base ends,  
 Of southern traitors and their northern friends.  
 The war would not have lasted half so long,  
 If thousands in the North had not been wrong,  
 Whose sympathy and course of action gave  
 The rebel leaders hope their power to save.  
 Why should the Union longer be withstood—  
 Can "the election" do them any good?  
 Events transpiring leave but little doubt  
 That the rebellion may be soon play'd out.  
 John Morgan, the Goliath of his band,  
 Can now no more spread terror through the land;  
 May his sad fate a warning be to all  
 Whose reckless course may lead to such a fall.  
 Two forts upon the coast of Florida,\*

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\*Forts Morgan and Gaines.



Have recently come under Union sway ;  
 While one of them was nigh in ruins laid,  
 The garrisons of both were pris'ners made.  
 Sherman has driven Johnston to the wall,  
 And spite of Hood procured Atlanta's fall ;  
 The works around the city were so strong,  
 'Twas thought the siege would be protracted long,  
 But Hood, who feared to risk another fight,  
 Blew up the magazine and left at night ;  
 And while we chronicle Atlanta's fate,  
 We hear that Early has come out too late ;  
 Defeated and dispirited he fled,  
 And left behind the wounded and the dead,  
 While Sheridan pursued him fast and far,  
 And took five thousand prisoners of war,  
 Beside some thousands wounded in the fight,  
 And guns and stores abandoned in their flight.  
 I wish to write in no exulting strain,  
 On scenes of blood, or aught that causes pain,  
 But mourn that man's depravity of heart  
 Leads him to practice an inhuman art.  
 " Offenses must needs come, but woe " to those  
 Who thus their country would involve in woes ;  
 If sunk by millstones they had found their graves  
 Some years ago, below the ocean's waves,  
 It would have saved us from the sea of gore  
 That now deluges and pollutes our shore.  
 As Grant approaches Richmond by degrees,  
 The stubborn rebels must be ill at ease,  
 While their last hope to save their power depends  
 Upon McClellan and their northern friends ;  
 But let McClellan and his party meet  
 At the elections a deserved defeat,  
 And all may see, who live to see that hour,

The speedy ruin of the rebel power,  
 When northern treason dies or shuts its mouth,  
 The rebel cause will languish in the South,  
 Till Lee, deserted by one-half his force,  
 Would leave the rest to follow their own course :  
 Half starved, dejected and demoralized,  
 To hold out longer would be ill advised.  
 The soldiers cease their leaders to obey ;  
 Jeff. Davis and his Congress run away ;  
 And peace, so long desired, would be restored,  
 As soon by moral power as by the sword.  
 Though straggling bands might still the land infest,  
 They could not hope to find a place of rest ;  
 Outlawed assassins, hunted down by all,  
 The last of slavery's minions soon would fall.  
 But let McClellan and his friends prevail,  
 And the last dawning hope of peace would fail ;  
 Their servile efforts slavery to restore,  
 Would breed distraction greater than before,  
 For sham Democracy has been our curse,  
 And in its place we look for nothing worse ;  
 Then let it die ! and perish from our shore,  
 And war—for slavery—curse the land no more.  
 Beside the thousands in the battles slain,  
 And thousands wounded, cripples to remain,  
 'Tis sad to think of the destruction made,  
 Of life-sustaining food in every raid ;  
 But no such ruin had been wrought before,  
 As that which swept the Shenandoah shore,  
 Where Early's troops had by their friends been fed,  
 And Sheridan complete destruction spread.  
 He gave the flames permission to devour  
 Some seventy mills, with stores of wheat and flour,  
 And in the conflagration, swept away

Two thousand barns, containing wheat and hay,  
And drove before the desolating sweep,  
Four hundred cattle and three thousand sheep  
To feed his troops, while the inhabitants  
Were left to live as they might have a chance.  
But could the rebels or their friends expect,  
From such a cause a different effect!  
The traitors, in their pride, the war began,  
Based on their claim of property in man,  
And still have tried, and often done their worst,  
To save what had so long the country cursed.  
The North had never threatened them with war  
To end the wrongs that they are fighting for.  
The rebels first began to shoot and burn,  
And have received full measure in return,  
Until their souls are filled with such alarms,  
That some propose to call the slaves to arms,  
“To give them freedom and a home provide,  
For each that fights upon the rebel side;”  
But what would all their promises be worth,  
If they were able to subdue the North?  
They could not keep their faith with northern whites,  
And would not long respect the negro's rights;  
“The weaker race” would be enslaved again,  
Nor plighted faith the tyrant's will restrain.  
If they should arm the negroes, as proposed,  
The war, perhaps, may be some sooner closed;  
The masters, when too late, may realize,  
With whom their color'd soldiers sympathise;  
Like bankrupt traders, overwhelm'd with care,  
Who loudest boast when deepest in despair.  
They say “’tis not for slavery that they fight,  
But that of freemen they may hold each right;  
In the election they repose no trust,

But in a cause which they declare is just ;  
 That if McClellan should be President,  
 They see the North is still on fighting bent,  
 Until the rebel armies quit the field,  
 On terms to which the South can never yield."  
 And I believe their hopes, at present, rest  
 On the "dark lodges" of the North and West,  
 Much more than on the skin-black southern slaves,  
 Who "tote" their baggage and must dig their graves.  
 But these "dark leagues" can be of no avail  
 To help them out, when other means shall fail ;  
 In my opinion they might just as well  
 Have faith in legions that would rise from hell,  
 As in the northern traitors to confide,  
 Who soon may seek their guilty heads to hide ;  
 And never till their mad crusade shall cease,  
 The clang of battle will be hush'd in peace.  
 The rebel Governors in council met,  
 "Can see no cause to be discouraged yet."  
 On what their hopes are built is not for me,  
 Through the dark vista of events to see ;  
 They surely cannot think the last defeat  
 Of Early's forces, rallied by Longstreet,  
 And Price's recent signal overthrow,  
 Bright omens of their final triumph show ;  
 And hence I think their strongest hopes are based  
 On elements which have the North disgraced :  
 The base conspiracies of wicked knaves  
 And mobocrats, more servile than their slaves ;  
 Riots, as at Detroit and in New York,  
 Election frauds and other dirty work.  
 But the election held to-morrow week,  
 I hope may prove the loss of what they seek,  
 And that the war may end before next spring,



And ransom'd millions hallelujahs sing.  
 The Presidents have fixed upon a day,  
 Each for his party to give thanks and pray;  
 And while all loyal people pray that God  
 "From us in mercy may avert His rod;  
 That the beginners of this bloody strife  
 May see the wickedness of wasting life,  
 And cease their efforts to maintain a cause  
 That cursed the nation and defies the laws;  
 That in submission to the pow'rs ordained,  
 The land with blood may be no longer stained,  
 And with oppression ended, war no more  
 Disturb the quiet of a happy shore;"

The drift and substance of the traitor's prayer,  
 Must be "that God might them and slavery spare;  
 Blast each fanatic principle and plan,  
 That thwarts the ends for which the war began,  
 And crush the power that would their will oppose,  
 To save a system fraught with human woes;  
 From pillage and destruction save the whites,  
 And they will care for those who have no rights."

The *first*, if from humility it springs,  
 Might find acceptance with the King of kings,  
 But no response would to *the last* be given,  
 By any saving power in earth or heaven;  
 And equally in vain would be the prayer,  
 To save the government and slavery spare.  
 But we must wait till the election shows  
 A triumph for the Union or her foes—  
 A triumph filling ev'ry heart with praise,  
 That hoped to see the dawn of better days;  
 While craven wretches, whose most fervent pray'r  
 Has been for the rebellion, curse and swear;  
 Or for a party whose intrigues and toils,

All centre in a hope to save "the spoils,"  
And aid the rebels in the work begun,  
While things worth saving all to ruin run ;—  
From such a party and its proffer'd care,  
May God in mercy our dear country spare.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE RE-ELECTION OF LINCOLN—HIS UNPRECEDENTED MAJORITY, AND A  
SKETCH OF THE EVENTS OF THE WAR TO HIS SECOND INAUGURATION.

Awake ! my muse, and chant in bolder strains  
The part of our design that yet remains,  
With brighter hopes, that we may soon presume  
To write an epitaph on slavery's tomb.  
The standard-bearer of the motley host,  
That wished to see new flesh on slavery's ghost,  
Has been defeated, and I hope the last  
Of their pernicious acts is "in the past."\*  
Since the result of the election proves  
McClellan beaten, and the world still moves,  
A moral sentiment has been express'd,  
That puts one question to its final rest :  
The mind of a great nation has agreed  
To what the higher will of heav'n decreed,  
And hence all pious men on God may call,  
That war and slavery may together fall ;  
And false Democracy—the base handmaid  
Of slavery—seek oblivion's darkest shade.  
The northern States at no election past  
Had polled more legal votes than at the last ;  
While half a million of the votes enroll'd,  
Make the majority for Lincoln poll'd ;  
Which sinks the party of Vallandigham,

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\*See the Chicago Democratic platform.

And to oblivion dooms the servile sham  
 Of peace, with fighting traitors, on the score  
 Of granting what they ask, to fight more ;  
 And shows what millions in the North intend,  
 That slavery shall with the rebellion end ;  
 And further proves that each resolves to bear,  
 Of public burdens his allotted share ;  
 Till our escutcheon shall be purified  
 From the foul stain that tarnishes one side ;  
 When " Liberty " no more shall be a name,  
 Conjoin'd with slavery in her sin and shame ;  
 But a reality enjoy'd by all,  
 Who may America their country call.  
 My pen has rested for a month or more,  
 While news continued from all points to pour ;  
 And if I leave a few events behind,  
 It cannot alter what I first design'd.  
 I did not calculate to notice all  
 The battles that preceded slavery's fall,  
 But, as I could, to sketch in simple verse,  
 The dying struggles of the monster curse ;  
 And, as the train of late events foreshows,  
 She now is hastening to her final close,  
 In spite of all her northern friends can do  
 To help her fighting southern minions through ;  
 Their combinations and their black intrigues,  
 And fires intended by dark lantern leagues,  
 Have been frustrated, and of arms bereft,  
 The villains in their infamy are left ;  
 And in each late important battle tried,  
 The gain has been upon the Union side.  
 While Sherman march'd with an increasing host,  
 Through Georgia, safely to the southern coast,  
 The capital, and other towns that lay



Within his range, were captured on the way;  
 And while he for his troops and horses found  
 A rich subsistence on the rebel ground,  
 He laid in ruins ev'ry thing that could  
 Be of prospective use to Lee or Hood,  
 Within a width of sixty miles or more,  
 Including railroads and each public store;  
 And as he pass'd released ten thousand slaves,  
 No more, as chattels, to dig rebel graves—  
 Who join'd "the Yankees"—laughing in their sleeves,  
 That they could help to eat their master's beeves,  
 Which, in great numbers, to the camps they drove,  
 To feed the men that with the rebels strove;  
 And now before Savannah Sherman waits  
 For Gen'ral Hardee to unbar the gates.  
 Alas! for the poor wives and children left,  
 Of earthly sustenance and friends bereft,  
 Whose sons and fathers from their homes withdrawn.  
 Have all into the rebel army gone.  
 While thus the conqueror through Georgia swept,  
 And for their hopeless ruin thousands wept,  
 Hood took the opposite of Sherman's course,  
 And northward from Atlanta moved his force,  
 But met with Thomas, and a two days' fight  
 Taught him that safety must be sought in flight;  
 And from his strongest post compel'd to flee,  
 He sadly fail'd to conquer Tennessee.  
 Three thousand of his men in death were laid,  
 And thrice as many more were pris'ners made;  
 While fifty guns and sev'ral thousand stands  
 Of smaller arms, fell into Union hands.  
 And the Kentucky traitor, Breckinridge,  
 Has been run out by Stoneman and Burbridge;  
 And Gen'ral Lyon, with his rebel louns,

Who, in Kentucky, plunder'd sev'ral towns,  
 Has been defeated, sadly to his cost,  
 In arms and prisoners and baggage lost ;  
 And capture, flight or death henceforth awaits,  
 All rebel raiders in the loyal States.  
 Our latest note of Sherman left him nigh  
 Savannah, with its capture in his eye,  
 And what was then a meditated act,  
 Has since become a consummated fact ;  
 The city has been captured, and its spoils  
 Have overpaid the victors for their toils.  
 Though Hardee answer'd Sherman with a boast  
 "That he was able to maintain his post—  
 With stores abundant for the next half year,  
 Of capture or distress he had no fear ;"  
 But fled that night the brewing storm to shun,  
 As from Atlanta Hood before had done ;  
 The rebel flag was shortly taken down,  
 And Sherman met the Mayor of the town,  
 When formal salutations were exchanged,  
 And the conditions on both sides arranged,  
 Which each enjoin'd his party to abide,  
 For the security of all inside ;  
 That private rights should be respected still,  
 While public stores were at the victors' will.  
 The Gen'ral, with his body guard, went in,  
 Where Hardee's rebels had so lately been ;  
 And thirty thousand bales of cotton saved,  
 From the hard labor of the blacks enslaved,  
 For whom the Gen'ral now could care, as well  
 As those who stored the cotton there to sell.  
 Eight hundred pris'ners from conscripted bands,  
 Without resistance fell into his hands ;  
 And here, of heavy guns, he captured more

Than had been taken at one time before ;  
 Three rebel steamers, in the harbor found,  
 And thirteen locomotives on the ground,  
 With near two hundred cars from rebel trains,  
 Were all secured intact as Union gains ;  
 While ammunition of a large amount,  
 Contributed its share to the account.  
 But what seems hard for traitors to confess,  
 Is the establishment of a free press,  
 Which, under Union sentiment, controls  
 The destiny of twenty thousand souls.  
 The blacks have been released from slavery's chain,  
 And peace and order in the city reign ;  
 And now her port is open to the sea,  
 For commerce, with all friendly nations, free.  
 While thus they see their strongest cities fall,  
 The rebels might as well surrender all,  
 And save the lives of those whose blood must flow,  
 If further in their mad crusade they go.  
 To call for help on England, France or Spain,  
 Or arm the slaves, would only end in vain—  
 So far, at least, as slavery is concern'd—  
 The ransom'd thousands cannot be return'd ;  
 And as for those yet held in "durance vile,"  
 Their time is limited to a short while—  
 The fiat of the King that rules on high,  
 Has seal'd the hateful harlot's doom to die ;  
 What better, then, would be the rebels' chance,  
 Sold out to England, or brought under France—  
 Of slavery and of liberty bereft—  
 Than back within the Union which they left,  
 Where ev'ry right by the free North enjoy'd,  
 May bless the South when slavery is destroy'd.  
 The people of Savannah have express'd

The sentiment that "to return is best;"  
 Then let it through the rebel States extend,  
 Till scenes of blood and carnage have an end;  
 But spare the sin in which the war began,  
 And peace is based upon a rotten plan;  
 No man can think who is entirely sane,  
 That peace and slavery can together reign.  
 "The Constitution" should be chang'd before  
 Returning rebels reach the Union door—  
 The house should from the filth be purified,  
 That still increased while they remain'd inside,  
 And all their foul habiliments be changed,  
 Before new seats shall be for them arranged,  
 Or they, assisted by their northern friends,  
 Of right and justice may subvert the ends,  
 And principles to perfidy inclined,  
 Control, for evil, half the northern mind;  
 Though now the loyal sentiment is clear,  
 "The rule of slavery has no business here."  
 Events transpiring since Savannah fell,  
 All point one way, and the same story tell  
 Of blows that make the hateful monster reel,  
 That on the nation tried to set her heel—  
 That fall upon her with redoubled weight,  
 Portentious of her end in ev'ry State—  
 Not all inflicted by the Union sword,  
 Where streams of blood from dying warriors pour'd,  
 But in the triumphs of a moral power,  
 Which has been growing stronger ev'ry hour;  
 That strikes the fetters from the lowest slave,  
 And raises him to rights that God first gave.  
 Missouri, and her sister, Tennessee,  
 Have both declared their slaves forever free,  
 And hence their names, upon the roll of fame,



With Maryland may equal honor claim ;  
 And soon Kentucky—for her credit's sake—  
 With Delaware must slavery's shackles break.  
 Missouri, once so deeply in the crime  
 Of ruffianism, in Buchanan's time,  
 Is now from under the unhallow'd bans  
 Of slavery and "the border ruffian" clans,  
 And her redemption from so foul a shame,  
 Is the best monument of Benton's name,  
 Who lost the favor of his former friends,  
 By noble efforts to promote good ends ;  
 And still, as he drew nearer to the grave,  
 Was more a friend of the afflicted slave.  
 The Tennessee convention took good ground,  
 And each asserted principle is sound—  
 That slavery, with its countless crimes, should cease,  
 And of the State no more disturb the peace ;  
 And hence no one should compensation claim,  
 For giving up a source of sin and shame :  
 And that the Legislature nevermore  
 Should claim a right the evil to restore ;  
 Then let the people sanction the decree  
 Of the Convention, and the State is free.  
 But while some States accomplish righteous deeds,  
 The war, in works of ruin, still proceeds.  
 We learn that Grierson, in a recent raid,  
 Of rebel property destruction made,  
 To an amount that they must sadly feel,  
 Along the railroad leading to Mobile.  
 He captured all within one rebel den,  
 That was defended by five hundred men ;  
 Destroying forty miles of the railroad,  
 And all the goods within the depot stow'd ;  
 Then westward on the route he travel'd o'er,

Destroyed the fact'ries and each public store,  
 From whence the rebel army might obtain  
 The needful clothing and supplies of grain ;  
 And seven hundred rebel pris'ners caught,  
 To Vicksburg with a thousand negroes brought.  
 And while these things transpired in the Southwest,  
 In the Southeast the rebels were unblest,  
 But rebeldom is in such segments now,  
 To note the points, I know not rightly how ;  
 Then let the reader think—as I have guess'd—  
 That Mississippi lies in the Southwest.  
 And what was once the Old North State, may be  
 Southeast, from where we can no centre see ;  
 Fort Fisher, on the Carolina coast,  
 A strongly fortified Confederate post,  
 Has been reduced, and an advantage won,  
 Which opens the Cape Fear to Wilmington ;  
 Two thousand prisoners were captured here,  
 And on both sides the losses were severe.  
 I wish for Wilmington no harder fate,  
 Than that with Ord\* she may capitulate ;  
 And, like the people of Savannah, save  
 The clash of arms, and thousands from the grave ;  
 And that all other towns within the State,  
 May her example wisely imitate,  
 That Carolina, my own native land,  
 Redeemed, in union with the North may stand,  
 And let her famished poor receive their bread  
 From stores where our free millions have been fed ;  
 Which yearly feed ten thousand contrabands,  
 And all the emigrants from foreign lands  
 Who come in swarming thousands ev'ry year.

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\*Gen. Ord who succeeds Butler in the Department of North Carolina.

From tyranny to seek a refuge here,  
 While half their numbers, with the hearts of knaves,  
 Vote for our tyrants to retain their slaves.  
 What country under heaven could do more,  
 And still possess an unexhausted store?  
 But richer blessings crown our Northern plains,  
 Because a system of free labor reigns;  
 And when like means are in the South employ'd,  
 Equal prosperity may be enjoy'd.  
 Then let the Oligarchs their folly cease,  
 Nor from the nation bar returning peace,  
 Lest all the blood their mad ambition sheds,  
 Should fall with treble vengeance on their heads.  
 I wrote thus far and thought that I would wait  
 For something further worthy to relate,  
 And three hours later brought the joyful news  
 Which gave fresh inspiration to my muse.  
 And I must note for each propitious hour,  
 The triumphs of a wonder-working power,  
 Which, in the place of former wrongs, shall raise  
 A monument of God's eternal praise.  
 The constitution, which had long been claimed  
 To sanction a thing that was not named,  
 Will soon be purified from that foul stain,  
 And gladness in the hearts of millions reign.  
 The Congress of the nation has at last  
 The Constitutional Amendment passed,  
 Which interdicts now and forever more,  
 A source of crime and misery on our shore.  
 Cannons were fired, and in their loudest tones,  
 For dying slavery gave a hundred groans.  
 Then let this principle the nation sweep,  
 While slavery's minions o'er her fall may weep;  
 And if they even gnash their teeth and wail,

Let none regard it, and the right prevail;  
 If "angels weep" when scenes of blood they see,  
 Let them rejoice for Afric's jubilee.  
 The peace commissioners that Davis sent  
 To meet the agents of our government,  
 Fail'd to accomplish aught that was desired,  
 Because to "independence" they aspired;  
 And claim'd that slavery should be let alone—  
 Of their grand edifice the corner stone—  
 Persistently adhering to the plan  
 On which the traitors the revolt began.  
 But Congress had, at Washington, declar'd  
 That slavery's life should be no longer spared,  
 Than till the States could sanction the decree,  
 Which made the government forever free,  
 And Lincoln based his action, as he should,  
 On what was by the people understood,  
 Since the election had express'd their will,  
 And Congress pass'd the anti-slavery bill,  
 Which left the President no more to do,  
 Than to this end his policy pursue.  
 The conference resulted in no good,  
 Except that now the thing is understood;  
 And the poor rebels know what must be done,  
 If utter ruin they would hope to shun.  
 None of the loyal people who contend  
 That slavery, for the nation's good, should end,  
 Desire the extirpation of the race,  
 Whose perfidy involved us in disgrace,  
 And whose rash acts precipitated all  
 The ills which now upon our country fall,  
 But that they may to sanity return,  
 And profit by the lesson which they learn.  
 If they could vanquish Sherman it might give



A transient hope for rebeldom to live ;  
But their mad efforts cannot stop the car  
That carries freedom through the storms of war.  
Though little Delaware, to her disgrace,  
May vote for slavery to retain her place,  
And " Old Kentucky " and New Jersey try  
To save the harlot, she is doom'd to die.  
The three States named above, were all that gave  
McClellan leave the rebel cause to save,  
And still determined to uphold the wrong,  
Should to the slave " Confederacy " belong,  
Where they might yet more deeply sympathise  
With those whose path, through blood, to ruin lies ;  
And while they mark the track where Sherman goes,  
With their dear sisters share the traitors' woes.  
South Carolina, since the nation's birth,  
Had, to the Union, been of little worth ;  
Of all the States most stubbornly at first,  
She stood for what has long the country cursed,  
And since that time had often raised the cry,  
That she the nation's laws would nullify,  
Unless the government should take due care,  
To sanction nothing that she deem'd unfair ;  
And after all the trouble she had been,  
Must crown her folly with a greater sin--  
For she was *first* the rebel flag to raise,  
And fan the fire of treason to a blaze ;  
But now her day of recompense is come--  
Her threats are hush'd and revelry is dumb ;  
The northern hosts are there, and vengeance dire  
Involves her rebel haunts in blood and fire.  
Her capital fell into Sherman's hands,  
And her railroads were cut by his commands,  
And this accelerated the downfall

Of what the South could her Gibraltar call.  
 Charleston, that sink of wickedness, is down,  
 And ruin rules the God-forsaken town.  
 One part was riddled by the shot and shell,  
 Which, from the fleet, among the houses fell;  
 And part was by the spreading flames destroyed,  
 Which rebel cotton-burners first employ'd,  
 While hundreds of poor wives and children left,  
 Of houses, friends and sustenance bereft,  
 Had crowded near the depot, when a mine  
 Contrived by rebels, with the sole design  
 To blast the Yankees, scatter'd high in air,  
 The hapless fugitives collected there;  
 While mangled bodies still retaining breath,  
 Increased the horrors or the scenes of death.  
 Thus Charleston, now, of rebel hordes is clear,  
 With no secession pennon floating near;  
 While the old flag on Sumter's tow'r again,  
 Displays her stars to sailors on the main—  
 Some four years after her unhappy fall,  
 Restored to wave above the shatter'd wall.  
 Fort Anderson, the strongest rebel post,  
 Remaining on the Carolina coast,  
 Has been reduced by Porter's naval force,  
 And Wilmington is doom'd to fall, of course—  
 Is fallen now—the news of the last hour,  
 Declare the city under Union pow'r;  
 Vacated by the soldiers under Bragg,  
 Her spires no longer sport the rebel flag.  
 Some seven hundred pris'ners here were gain'd,  
 And thirty guns, but no rich stores obtain'd.  
 The rebels fired the cotton when they left,  
 To save the Yankees from the crime of theft;  
 And where the victors find a loyal crowd,

No act of private plund'ring is allow'd ;  
 And here, 'tis said, the sentiment prevails,  
 That still with pleasure the old banner hails.  
 These seaport cities under Union laws,  
 Must sadly weaken the confed'rate cause ;  
 No blockade runner there can take supplies,  
 To comfort slavery in the hour she dies.  
 The news of yesterday, as I have learn'd,  
 Report the city of Columbia burn'd ;  
 Some shots from windows fired on Sherman's men,  
 Convinced him that it was a rebel den,  
 And fiery ministers among them sent,  
 Admonished them in ashes to repent.  
 Shade of Calhoun ! couldst thou but see the change,  
 Wrought where thy earthly vision once could range,  
 Along the land that borders on the sea,  
 From the Savannah to the great Pedee,  
 Where ev'ry thing to thee appear'd so fair,  
 While slavery still was thy peculiar care,  
 And now behold and taste the bitter fruit,  
 Borne on the growth of an infernal root—  
 See cities that were once with pride survey'd,  
 By hostile armies half in ashes laid ;  
 And see the freedmen occupying land,  
 On the Sea Islands and along the strand,  
 Well might thy haughty spirit quail before  
 The vengeance that has reach'd thy native shore,  
 And ask why Pickens and his vaunting train  
 Should let all their bravado be in vain ?  
 And where is Brooks ? the man that used the cane  
 Which many hoped had shatter'd Sumner's brain  
 Cold in his grave ! while abolition reigns,  
 And all the slaves are casting off their chains ;  
 While Sumner, gracing still the Senate hall,  
 Has lived to triumph over slavery's fall.

## CHAPTER V.

THE SECOND INAUGURATION OF LINCOLN—DOWNWARD TENDENCY OF  
THE CONFEDERACY—FALL OF RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG—FLIGHT  
OF JEFF. DAVIS—SURRENDER OF LEE'S ARMY TO GEN. GRANT—  
ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN AND THE FATE OF HIS MURDERER.

Abe Lincoln's second term begins to-day,  
And may he live to see it pass away,  
And in that time a change be wrought that brings  
To our dear country a new state of things—  
When the great sin that caused the strife shall cease,  
And all the din of war be hush'd in peace.  
A better man than Lincoln could no where  
Be found, to fill the Presidential chair,  
And who could swear him in with better grace,  
Than our Chief Judge, ex-Secretary Chase?  
Who, if he had Judge Taney's place to fill,  
Would give Dred Scott a "manumission bill."  
The Democrats must try to be content,  
To miss once more the servile President,  
That would be guilty of so foul a shame,  
As to insist upon the bogus claim  
Of Ruiz and Montez, to the brave band  
Of Africans, torn from their native land,  
Who took possession of the ship that bore  
Them from the isle of Cuba to our shore—  
Were tried, and by our highest court's decree,  
Declared free born and to continue free ; \*

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\*The Amistad captives, freed by a high court of the United States and sent back to Africa.



For whom each President since Tyler's day,  
 Contended that our government should pay;  
 With two exceptions, which from shame must save,  
 The name of Zachary Taylor, in his grave,  
 And Abram Lincoln, whose first term is past,  
 With no base deed his honest fame to blast.  
 For such a change let Ethiopia raise  
 Her hands to heav'n, and God receive the praise;  
 And if we still must witness scenes of blood,  
 May they be overruled for human good;  
 While still we hope the war may shortly end,  
 And peace her blessings o'er the land extend.  
 The information that we daily gain,  
 Still shows the cause of slavery on the wane.  
 Fort White, the last remaining sea-board post,  
 Upon the Southern Carolina coast,  
 Has been reduced, and Georgetown with the fort,  
 Which throws the rebel shipping out of port;  
 And hence will leave the Georgetown entrance free,  
 For Union vessels up the great Pedee.  
 And now Galveston and Mobile are all  
 The seaport cities that are bound to fall,  
 Before the blockade runners can no more  
 With safety traffic on the rebel shore.  
 Our last account of Sherman left him near  
 The town of Fayetteville, on the Cape Fear—  
 Across South Carolina having made  
 A wide-extended and destructive raid.  
 He left Columbia involved in flames,  
 And passing thence through towns of different names,  
 He captured Florence, an important place,  
 And public stores destroy'd in ev'ry case,  
 Except what by his army could be used,  
 While private property was not abused.

And thus, with no great loss on Sherman's part,  
 Of rebeldom he pierc'd the very heart,  
 And now within "the old North State" intends  
 To show the Union banner to its friends;  
 And while from Raleigh's tallest spire it flows,  
 Redeem the State from her rebellious foes;  
 And may her vote, next winter, put to shame,  
 Three servile States that boast a loyal name,\*  
 But still adhere to the pernicious sham  
 That would, for slavery's sake, the nation damn—  
 One State half rebel, and two others small,  
 On "the amendment" ruled the vote of all.  
 Posterity can only treat with shame,  
 Such States as thus disgrace a loyal name;  
 And may North Carolina soon be *one*  
 To aid in doing what they left undone.  
 Two reconstructed States are all we need,  
 To help us consummate a righteous deed,  
 In spite of all the base pre-slavery States,  
 Which on the Union act as sinking weights.  
 As in a storm the waves of ocean gain,  
 Upon the lands that border on the main,  
 And make a wreck of ships and boats that lie  
 Along the shore, or on the rivers ply—  
 So Sherman's army like the surging waves,  
 Sweep o'er the land of oligarchs and slaves;  
 And while they shatter many a rebel bark,  
 The flood in safety bears the Union ark,  
 And all who may a proper signal give,  
 Are taken in, and through the turmoil live—  
 While those who cling to floating wreck or raft,  
 Are doom'd to perish with the crazy craft.

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\* New Jersey, Delaware and Kentucky, against the Constitutional Amendment.

While Sherman, like a flood, was sweeping o'er  
 The lower portions of the rebel shore,  
 Phil. Sheridan, upon the higher lands,  
 With horse and fire pursued the traitor bands,  
 Destroying mills, canals, railroads and stores,  
 And taking guns and prisoners by scores ;  
 And in this raid three thousand "contrabands"  
 Were liberated from the rebels' hands.  
 Of southern stores the great destruction made,  
 In Sherman's late unprecedented raid,  
 And add to this what Sheridan destroyed,  
 Where fire was the chief instrument employ'd—  
 How hard the loss must on the rebels bear,  
 In their sad hours of peril and despair ;  
 While in the last resort they arm their slaves,  
 To save the masters from dishonor'd graves—  
 To end like all their other weak designs,  
 When their black soldiers cross the Union lines,  
 To join the throng that Lincoln's men made free,  
 And all rejoice in one great jubilee.  
 The town of Fayetteville has been pass'd through,  
 And Raleigh soon will be in Sherman's view ;  
 To take that city with its troops and spoils,  
 A week or fortnight may require his toils.  
 A fight at Bentonville, some days ago,  
 Resulted in disaster to the foe—  
 Joe Johnston's rebels made a fierce attack  
 On Sherman's lines, but soon were driven back ;  
 The rebels lost two thousand pris'ners then,  
 And Sherman's side not half as many men—  
 All causes counted—while some hundreds dead,  
 Bestrew'd the ground from whence the rebels fled.  
 And near the time this victory was gain'd,  
 The "quiet" that on the Potomac reign'd,

Was broken by a stratagem of Lee,  
 His famish'd rebels from their thrall to free.  
 They made a bold attack with some success,  
 But in the end were deeper in distress—  
 Repulsed at ev'ry point, the rebels fled,  
 And on the field of slaughter left the dead;  
 While pris'ners by the thousand were secured,  
 From troops that had starvation long endured;  
 But how each point is by the rebels strain'd!  
 They claim'd at Bentonville a victory gain'd;  
 And since the Richmond battle vainly tried,  
 The boast of great advantage on their side.  
 I pity the poor dupes of pride and lies,  
 Who, while they sink, imagine that they rise,  
 And seem determined to resist the right,  
 Until they win or perish in the fight;  
 Still urging into an inhuman fray,  
 Half famished thousands who receive no pay,  
 For whom defeat could be but little worse,  
 And whose success would seal their final curse;  
 But to forego and let the strife be o'er,  
 The Pard'ning power would their just rights restore;\*  
 And many a poor, reluctant conscript save  
 From mangled limbs or an untimely grave.  
 Though clouds and darkness may the sky deform,  
 Yet sunshine and a calm succeed the storm;  
 The elements may rage in fearful strife,  
 But leave the air a purer source of life.  
 Our southern sky had long been overcast,  
 But light is gleaming through the clouds at last—  
 The storm of battle is at Richmond hush'd,

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\*I do not include among just rights a claim of property in man, or the right of any man to property legally forfeited by crime; or of any leading rebel ever again to hold office, or to exercise the elective franchise under our government.



And the rebellion in that quarter crush'd.  
 Richmond is fallen ! and the rebel host  
 At Petersburg is driven from its post ;  
 Though long defended, both the cities now  
 To the dictation of the conqueror bow.  
 Grant overcame the forces under Lee,  
 And forced him from the capital to flee,  
 And when it seem'd no longer safe to stay,  
 Jeff. Davis from his palace ran away,  
 And Breckinridge, when Davis had retired,  
 Gave orders for the city to be fired—  
 In spite of all the strong entreaties made  
 By merchant citizens and men in trade—  
 And Ewell fired the town, while Breckinridge  
 Avail'd himself of his last privilege,  
 To run, with the guilt-stricken souls that fled,  
 And left behind the dying and the dead,  
 To be cared for in their last need, by those  
 Whom they regarded as their deadly foes.  
 The scenes that closed the sanguinary strife,  
 Involving such a fearful waste of life—  
 Recounting on both sides what numbers bled,  
 The thousands wounded and the thousands dead—  
 Must with a horrid picture fill one page,  
 In the dark annals of the present age ;  
 But comfort from the prospect should be drawn,  
 That good is coming and the worst is gone.  
 The cause of slavery and the rebel pow'r,  
 In the last quarter of their dying hour,  
 Alike are doom'd to lose the vital breath,  
 And sink together in eternal death.  
 The strongest rebel army, under Lee,  
 Is failing fast, and soon will cease to be.  
 Besides some twenty thousand captured here,

And sev'ral thousands from the flying rear,  
 His straggling remnant still is closely press'd,  
 And Sheridan intends to take the rest;  
 When order in those parts will be restored,  
 And men for arts of peace suspend the sword.  
 The vanquish'd rebels in their vengeful ire,  
 Before they fled had set the town on fire;  
 And spite of means to check the flames employ'd,  
 'Tis said one-third of Richmond was destroy'd;  
 And yet, no doubt, some hundreds now alive,  
 May see a renovated city thrive  
 Upon the present ruins of a place,  
 By slavery's minions sunk in deep disgrace;  
 But under freedom and the reign of peace,  
 To rise and in prosperity increase.  
 Let God be prais'd! the long conflict is o'er,  
 That raged so fiercely on Virginia's shore—  
 Though not for blood and carnage I rejoice,  
 For scenes of peace have ever been my choice—  
 Not for the ruin of our rebel foes,  
 But that the war is drawing to a close.  
 Lee has surrender'd all his troops and arms,  
 And soldiers are returning to their farms.  
 Alas! how many when they seek their homes,  
 Can only find the ashes of their domes,  
 And with sad hearts and tearful eyes survey,  
 The ground from whence their all was swept away;  
 And what were once dear objects of their care—  
 Their wives and children—are no longer there,  
 But fled for refuge to some place afar,  
 Beyond the din and miseries of war.  
 And thousands, thus, who never wish'd to draw  
 The sword or violate their country's law,  
 But by the force of circumstances brought

To aid the cause for which the traitors fought ;  
 Whose friends and brothers are among the dead,  
 May mourn the ruin o'er their country spread,  
 And think "for what was all this wicked waste,  
 Which has our nation in all lands disgraced ?  
 And how much better ere the war began,  
 If we had fallen on some righteous plan  
 For the removal of the crying sin,  
 Which has the cause of all this ruin been,  
 When greater good than we enjoy'd before,  
 Might since that time have bless'd our native shore."

Among the men paroled with Gen'ral Lee,  
 The names of many officers we see,  
 And some who ever since the war began,  
 Had figured largely in the rebel plan ;  
 Including Gen'ral Johnson and Longstreet,  
 Who often saw the Union troops retreat,  
 While the McClellan "strategys" prevail'd,  
 To aid the foe, and for the Union fail'd ;  
 And one who sat in Congress in the days  
 When southern tyrants chanted slavery's praise,  
 While northern men their manhood cast away,  
 And "gags" became the order of the day—  
 A man with the wrong cognomen of Wise,  
 Who made to slavery many a sacrifice,  
 And on her altar laid the life of Brown,  
 But now beholds her and her temple down,  
 And her defenders scatter'd without hope,  
 While each arch traitor fears the hangman's rope.  
 Brown from oppression tried to save the poor,  
 And Wise to make the tyrant's power secure,  
 And yet each leader of a rebel gang,  
 Would think it hard if he, like Brown, must hang ;  
 But while humiliated in the dust,

Still let our policy tow'rds them be just ;  
 And He whose power our destiny controls,  
 Have mercy on their poor, deluded souls,  
 That hence with hearts of flesh instead of stone,  
 They may be brought His providence to own.

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The book is open "and the judgment set"—(*Dan. vii: 10.*)  
 The end is coming but it is not yet ;  
 We are not done with melancholy lays,  
 On deeds of blood and scenes of evil days ;  
 Our lot has fallen on eventful times—  
 A day of treachery and daring crimes—  
 When in the midst of a great nation's joy  
 One sad event could all her mirth destroy,  
 And send a thrill of horror through each heart,  
 That for the Union bore a loving part ;  
 And, for the future, hoped the land to save  
 From the foul curse that would the blacks enslave,  
 And bind down thirty millions of white men,  
 To feed the filthy monster in her den.  
 Our faithful public servant, tried so long,  
 Whose name was as a tower or fortress strong,  
 To ev'ry loyal heart throughout the land,  
 Has fallen ! by a base assassin's hand !\*  
 The vital spirit from his heart is fled,  
 And thousands mourn for Abram Lincoln, dead ;  
 But while the nation for the death may mourn,  
 Of one who had the heat and burden borne  
 Of a long day of weary toil and care,  
 And fell with all his honors bright and fair ;  
 The work by him so gloriously begun,  
 Must still proceed until the whole is done ;

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\* Known to be J. W. Booth, a former actor in the theatre.



And, under God, our bleeding country save,  
 While Abram Lincoln molds in the grave.  
 'Twas in the theatre, at Washington,  
 That this dark deed of infamy was done ;  
 The fiendish villain shot him through the head,  
 And from the spot precipitately fled—  
 Dash'd through the stage and made a safe retreat,  
 While Lincoln still sat upright in his seat.  
 Some thought the shot connected with the play,  
 And that the shock in smoke would pass away ;  
 But soon his friends perceived the fatal ball  
 Had caused a great man in their midst to fall ;  
 And in the self same hour that Lincoln fell,  
 As all dispatches deemed authentic, tell,  
 Seward was stab'd, while lying on his bed,  
 By a base ruffian, who abruptly fled—  
 A villainous cut-throat, to all allied,  
 Whose sympathies are on the rebel side—  
 Of a foul party that is doom'd to stink  
 Till its vile relics to the grave shall sink ;  
 To rot with slavery, while the land may rest  
 From bloody strife, with peace and freedom blest.  
 Some think it was a "Golden Circle" plot,\*  
 And some knew him that made the fatal shot ;  
 All hope that they to justice may be brought,  
 But neither, at the last account, was caught.  
 Some think that by one man both deeds were done,  
 And of such fiends I hope there is but one.  
 It was, no doubt, the ruffian's dire intent,  
 To Seward's heart the dagger should be sent,  
 But to his friends it must some comfort give,  
 That his physician thinks he still may live.

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\* "Knights of the Golden Circle," a northern kindred league of the  
 "Sons of Liberty," sympathising with, and concocting schemes to aid  
 the rebels.

Not so with Lincoln, where a surer work  
 Was done by ball, than with the villain's dirk.  
 That he was where he was at such a time,  
 Can make no lighter the assassin's crime.  
 Some poor, deluded wretches may suppose  
 His death a hopeful omen for his foes,  
 But ev'ry tear a bleeding nation sheds,  
 Will fall with vengeance on the rebels' heads,  
 For hell from rebel germs alone could raise,  
 The fiends incarnate of these latter days;  
 And when the nation's grief gives place to wrath,  
 The woe of traitors will be in its path.  
 Thus Lincoln fell, with brighter laurels crown'd,  
 Than deck the warrior's brow in arms renown'd;  
 And I shall not attempt to eulogize  
 The character of him in death who lies;  
 My pen could not do justice to a theme,  
 Which thousands of such vast importance deem;  
 But while his body molders in the grave,  
 The tongues of millions will his mem'ry save,  
 And he will need no monument beside  
 The triumph of the cause for which he died;  
 Each generation of the ransom'd poor,  
 Shall lisp his name while earthly things endure,  
 And no base effort to destroy his fame,  
 Can dim the lustre of his honor'd name.  
 And now while Lincoln slumbers in the tomb,  
 The country is recovering from its gloom;  
 And even while for him the nation grieved,  
 The rebel heart with dire convulsions heaved—  
 In view of what must be the final fall  
 Of what they once their government could call.  
 While Davis wanders with no safe retreat,  
 Our government is still upon its feet,

And ev'rywhere the Union army goes,  
 The vanquish'd rebels feel its crushing blows,  
 And in all places ruin and disgrace  
 Are staring each arch-traitor in the face.  
 Their towns are falling, and but few remain  
 That would be worth one human life, to gain ;  
 Without a sea-port city on their shore,  
 Between Galveston Bay and Baltimore,  
 And with their capitals in Union hands,  
 The rebel power no great respect commands.  
 Their boast of recognition ne'er again,  
 Need trouble any sympathizer's brain,  
 And all stockholders in the base concern,  
 Ere long its utter worthlessness will learn.  
 Mobile is fallen with her forts and guns,  
 While near her port no rebel vessel runs ;  
 To bear away her thirty thousand bales  
 Of cotton, soon to move with Union sails.  
 Montgomery also, where for the first time  
 The rebel Congress met to license crime,  
 Now, like their second capital, is down,  
 And Union rule extended o'er the town ;  
 And Raleigh, recently misruled by Bragg,  
 Has been redeem'd, and waves the Union flag ;  
 On Sherman's near approach the rebels fled,  
 The town surrender'd and no blood was shed,  
 And nothing done their business to derange---  
 The citizens with pleasure hailed the change.  
 May heaven bless them, and their city stand,  
 The capital of my dear native land.  
 The rebel stores which they had thence removed,  
 A total loss to their possessors proved ;  
 For at Salisbury they were all destroyed,  
 By means which Gen'ral Stoneman's men employ'd,

Who came from Tennessee across the land,  
 And on their journey work'd to Sherman's hand ;  
 From Johnston's army cutting off supplies,  
 While the rebellion in dishonor dies.  
 How things are changed, in every human view,  
 Since all the Union leaders have been true,  
 With no McClellan failures to increase  
 The rebel sympathizer's hope of peace,  
 Upon such terms as traitors might propose,  
 With slavery living when the war should close ;  
 Her death is certain, and her final doom  
 Will be no resurrection from the tomb.  
 A dreadful retribution, soon or late,  
 Must overtake each fiendish reprobate,  
 Who plans and acts a base assassin's part---  
 So Booth, the man that shot the President,  
 Has by a bullet to his grave been sent ;  
 The wretch was followed to his hiding place,  
 And made a sad example of disgrace.  
 His leg was fractured on the fatal night,  
 When from the theatre he took his flight,\*  
 And his condition from that time, was such  
 That he was forced to hobble on a crutch ;  
 But by his friends was in a barn concealed,  
 And by a lad his hiding place revealed,  
 When he received a positive command,  
 To yield his arms to the detective band ;  
 But he refused, and swore that they would strive  
 In vain to take him from that place alive.  
 And his intent to baffle their desire,  
 Made them resolve to set the barn on fire,  
 And the poor villain, as the flames drew near,

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\*Said to have been caused by his horse falling with him in his flight.



Prepared to make the cost of capture dear ;  
But when he fired upon the men outside,  
They shot, and brought him out before he died ;  
And, as we learn, his dying breath was spent  
In mutter'd curses on the government.  
And thus a fiendish desperado fell,  
With a strong foretaste of the pains of hell.  
Alas, that any one of Adam's race  
Should by such deeds humanity disgrace.

## CHAPTER VI.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE REBELLION—SURRENDER OF JOE JOHNSTON TO GEN. SHERMAN—CAPTURE OF DAVIS—TOTAL RUIN OF THE REBEL POWER—SLAVERY DEAD AND PEACE RESTORED—CONCLUSION.

The progress by the Union armies made,  
Is sinking rebeldom into the shade ;  
Joe Johnston has surrender'd, as we see,  
Upon the terms that were allowed to Lee,  
To ground their arms and to their homes retire,  
And ne'er again provoke the nation's ire.  
His army was the strongest rebel host,  
Of which, since Lee's surrender, they could boast,;  
But now disbanded and gone home, or fled,  
The Southern rebel dynasty is dead.  
Hardee and Beauregard, among the rest,  
Agreed to what Joe Johnston thought was best,  
While Hampton and the traitor Breckinridge  
To flee with Davis claim'd the privilege,  
To turn their backs upon their native land,  
For the sunk fortunes of a straggling band,  
Who, as we understand, intend to go  
To Texas and from thence to Mexico.  
But the munificent rewards\* proposed,  
Since the conspiracy has been disclosed,

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\*Rewards offered by President Johnson for the arrest of Jeff. Davis and other leading traitors, implicated in the conspiracy to murder Lincoln and other officers of the government, varying in amount from \$100,000 to \$2,500.

For the delivery or the safe arrest,  
 Of some arch-traitors that are going West,  
 May bring Jeff, Davis and his flying friends  
 To such a halt as may defeat their ends.  
 For the conspirators are being caught,  
 And more than forty have to jail been brought,  
 But most of these no doubt will be releas'd,  
 And of the rest the wretchedness increased.  
 I hope that none entirely innocent,  
 May suffer for what they could not prevent;  
 But the rebellion was the moving cause,  
 Of the worst evils that outrage the laws,  
 And ev'ry man upon the rebel side,  
 With fiendish villians is identified;  
 And each that is a traitor in his heart,  
 In Lincoln's murder bears a guilty part;  
 And punishment could hardly come amiss  
 On active traitors—not engaged in this—  
 To life confinement let arch-villians go,  
 But none should hang, if I could have it so.  
 I hope my sketch is drawing to a close,  
 With right triumphant o'er the nation's foes;  
 The filthy harlot that provoked the war  
 Is dying, and no more worth fighting for,  
 And the base power that hoped she might prevail,  
 Has come to the last twisting of its tail;  
 Its hydra heads were sever'd from the trunk,  
 Which had the blood of slaughter'd thousands drunk;  
 But from its wounds and floundering, weaker grew,  
 Till Grant at Richmond the foul mōnster slew.  
 Then let its carcase be inhumed to blend  
 With slavery's dirt, in sleep that has no end;  
 And their vile brood that forth in darkness crawl,  
 To burn and murder with their parent's fall.

Slavery and treason had their birth in hell,  
 And came in time upon the earth to dwell ;  
 And these two fiends in base connection join'd,  
 Produced an offspring that have cursed mankind.  
 And of their progeny, the blackest crimes,  
 Murder and arson have disgraced our times ;  
 While some have been so reckless as to sell  
 Their lives to carry on these works of hell ;  
 And many more perhaps indulge the thought  
 That they could do such things and not be caught ;  
 But let them think of Booth and wisdom learn,  
 That may their hearts from sin to virtue turn ;  
 For where a base assassin vents his spite,  
 The sword of justice vindicates the right,  
 And all these evils will be ended when  
 The spirit rules that breathes "good will to men."  
 The Northern friends of traitors now may cease  
 To talk of treating with the South for peace ;  
 The rebel government, from its first hour,  
 Possess'd no legal treaty-making power,  
 And all they had to do was to be still,  
 While loyal people exercised their will.  
 A revolution that can be maintained  
 Until the power to save itself is gained,  
 Can then—and not till then—assert a claim  
 To peace conditions, under any name ;  
 But the Confederacy lost its head,  
 When Davis and his clique from Richmond fled ;  
 And where that power no longer wields the sword,  
 A loyal government may be restored.  
 I hope to end my sketch upon this sheet,  
 When peace and freedom in communion meet.  
 For peace will come, and the oppressor's sway  
 Shall with the cause of treason pass away.



But we must wait a while to realize  
 The blessings that are now before our eyes ;  
 When recollections of the blackest crimes,  
 Shall place them with the sins of darker times.  
 But while we wait events are taking place,  
 That I shall note in each important case.  
 Some southern tyrants who with hounds pursued,  
 And hunted conscripts out of swamp and wood,  
 Have from the victims been receiving more  
 Than they had bargained for upon that score ;  
 Some have been whip'd, and others hung or shot,  
 Since the events of war have changed their lot ;  
 They long had rioted in lust of power,  
 But vengeance found them in an adverse hour.  
 The rebel keeper of the Richmond den,\*  
 That caused the death of many Union men,  
 Is now incarcerated in the same,  
 To expiate his crime in hopeless shame.  
 'Tis said that he for murder will be tried,  
 Because so many by ill treatment died ;  
 And Union soldiers as they pass the jail,  
 Deride him on the turning of the scale ;  
 And other jailors, not already dead,  
 Are doom'd to suffer in their victims' stead.  
 Did ever any boasted fabric fall  
 More swiftly, or in ruin look so small ?  
 Jeff. Davis has been captured, and will meet  
 The fate that makes a traitor's fall complete ;  
 He ne'er was great, but with the basely low  
 Of greatness vainly tried to make a show ;  
 Among the gallant knight of the cowhide,  
 Who sought for power on the oppressor's side ;

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\* Known as the Libby Prison.

His voice was often heard in former times,  
 In bold defence of southern claims and crimes,  
 And since, while ruling slavery's servile crowd,  
 Of his authority, no doubt, was proud,  
 But from his low position lower fell,  
 And where his fall may end no one can tell,  
 Since for high treason he will soon be tried,  
 And part in the foul plot when Lincoln died;  
 And if the latter charge can be sustain'd,  
 The gallows will be all his treason gain'd;  
 And how humiliating to confess,  
 That he was taken in a female dress;  
 And since that time, deserted by his friends,  
 Towards death and infamy his fortune tends.  
 The rebels knew their government was dead,  
 When their sham officers from Richmond fled,  
 And with the capture of their President,  
 Each latent hope of their success was spent;  
 And Stephens, who reluctantly went in  
 To follow Davis through his work of sin,  
 Has hopelessly abandon'd a bad cause,  
 And yielded to be tried by Union laws.  
 Although among "fire-eaters" from the first,  
 And one who long and well had slavery nursed,  
 He held "if they should into treason go,  
 It would of slavery work the overthrow."  
 Let mercy be extended to a man,  
 Who rather check'd than urged the traitor's plan.  
 The Governors of sev'ral Rebel States,  
 With most of Davis's associates,  
 And many Gen'als on the traitor's side,  
 Have been arrested and will soon be tried.  
 Alas! how sadly the deluded few,  
 Who into the rebellion thousands drew,

Must rue their folly if the hangman's rope,  
 Should prove the end of their last earthly hope.  
 But Lee or Johnston, Bragg or Beauregard,  
 I hope may never meet a fate so hard ;  
 Let all be pardon'd save the fiendish kind,  
 In the assassination plots combin'd.  
 The guilty North should take its share of blame,  
 For all partook of slavery's sin and shame,  
 Till the condition of a peevish child,  
 Was reach'd by those whom our indulgence spoil'd—  
 When their own forwardness the mis'ry brought,  
 Which in their hearts a humbler feeling wrought ;  
 And their conversion could not be more strange,  
 Than in the North an almost equal change,  
 Where hundreds once of strong pro-slavery note,  
 Are willing now to let the freedmen vote.  
 The rebel leaders on the Texan shore,  
 Have all agreed to give the contest o'er,  
 And chief of these Magruder, Smith and Price,  
 Have been the last to follow good advice.  
 With the rebellion down and slavery dead,  
 And peace and freedom reigning in their stead,  
 The rebel rams and pirate ships no more,  
 Disturb our commerce on the sea or shore,  
 And all good citizens make common cause,  
 Against the ruffians who defy the laws.  
 The Constitutional Amendment waits,  
 For the endorsement of a few more States ;  
 But of its final passage we are sure,  
 If it can one more southern State secure—  
 And this will be forthcoming in due time,  
 And end forever a foul source of crime.  
 But things are yet in an unsettled State,  
 And for some further changes we must wait.

The freedmen long by Southern knaves oppressed,  
Of the two races proved themselves the best,  
And from the government have more deserved,  
Than all the class that from allegiance swerved,  
And for intelligence are not behind  
One-half the whites that form the Southern mind—  
Nor half as base in heart as most of those  
Who, through the war, have been the nation's foes ;  
And in reorganizing any State,  
The blacks should balance their oppressors' weight—  
Or equal justice cannot hold the scale,  
Against the prejudice that must prevail.  
The oligarchs no more can trade in slaves,  
But the freedmen may be oppressed by knaves,  
Unless they have a franchise with the whites,  
For the protection of their legal rights.  
The traitor class should be through life control'd,  
By votes that loyal whites and blacks have poll'd,  
And the "amalgamation" hue and cry  
Of rebel sympathizers, soon would die ;  
For when the master's base control has fail'd,  
An evil will be check'd that long prevail'd—  
To vote let ev'ry loyal man be free,  
And leave the traitors where they ought to be.  
And now that our great civil war is o'er,  
Why should some people talk of fighting more,  
And vainly think our glory to advance,  
By recklessly embroiling us with France—  
If she from meddling with our rights is clear,  
Why with her business should we interfere ?  
The Mexicans have not been satisfied,  
With any form of government they tried,  
And if the French can settle that affair,  
Why should our factious politicians care ?



Have they forgotten our disgraceful war  
 With Mexico, or known what it was for?  
 And whether Polk's pretence or the French claim,  
 Involved the greater share of guilt and shame.  
 And with respect to England, not a few,  
 Speak boastingly of what we ought to do,  
 Unless she pays us for the damage done  
 By pirate ships that from her ports were run.  
 Away with all your vaunting threats to fight,  
 And trust that England will do what is right.  
 We don't expect to pay the rebel debts  
 To English brokers, nor regard their threats,  
 And if we quarrel for a paltry sum,  
 Our loss will be increased if war should come;  
 And all the glory gain'd will not avail,  
 To counterpoise the guilt that sinks the scale.  
 The right adjustment of a legal claim,  
 Involves, on either side, no sin or shame;  
 Let both do right, and the two nations feel,  
 A friendly int'rest in each other's weal;  
 Unite their efforts as all Christians should,  
 For the promotion of the gen'ral good;  
 And two great nations thus for good combined,  
 Might wield a lever that would move mankind;  
 And by a salutary moral sway,  
 War and oppression would be done away.  
 In our own country we have seen of late,  
 Enough to make us both these evils hate;  
 And since pro-slavery treason is put down,  
 Let peace of all our blessings be the crown—  
 And all that have survived the dreadful scourge,  
 Unite in singing slavery's funeral dirge—  
 Not in what men a mournful strain would call,  
 But in a song of triumph o'er her fall—

And thank the Ruler of the Universe,  
 For the removal of our greatest curse ;  
 And pray that He whose pow'r the wonders wrought,  
 Which to our chattel millions freedom brought,  
 May open, in His time, the prison doors,  
 To all the bondmen held on other shores ;  
 That Afric's children, all redeem'd, may raise  
 Their hands to heav'n in songs of grateful praise ;  
 And to the memory of the honor'd names,  
 Who long and nobly stood for their just claims,  
 In Congress halls, when southern tyrants raved,  
 And few espoused the cause of the enslaved—  
 Adams and Giddings of the noble few,  
 May claim a tribute to their memory due ;  
 And Morris, who, in slavery's blackest hour,  
 Opposed the southern oligarchal power,  
 And in the Senate firmly stood alone,  
 Should on the roll of worthy names be known.  
 Next come the heroes of the Press and Pen—  
 A galaxy of nature's honest men—  
 Whose names, as long as hist'ry shall be read,  
 Will be embalm'd among the honor'd dead—  
 Including Garrison among the rest,  
 Who bared to heartless mobs a dauntless breast,  
 Invoking nothing worse than moral force,  
 Against the evil that has run its course—  
 Which long ago, on principles of right,  
 Might have been ended with no bloody fight ;  
 But to redeem the nation as it stood,  
 Required baptism in a sea of blood.  
 And in the South what desolation reigns,  
 Where the poor bondmen long had toil'd in chains—  
 But now redeem'd may soon be brought to know  
 The blessings that from education flow.

Among the changes that have taken place,  
 For the advancement of the color'd race,  
 A daughter of John Brown is teaching school,  
 Where Wise, the traitor, once maintain'd his rule—  
 The wretch that immolated Brown because,  
 He disregarded slavery's wicked laws—  
 And soon, himself, must for a crime be tried,  
 Far worse than that for which his victim died;  
 And while the freedmen may rejoice for all  
 The instrumental means of slavery's fall,  
 The name of Lincoln cannot be forgot,  
 Whose proclamation changed their hapless lot;  
 And it will still descend from sire to son,  
 What Lincoln, under God, for them had done;  
 And how he fell by an assassin's hand,  
 While peace and freedom dawn'd upon the land;  
 And children yet unborn shall lisp his name,  
 While that of Davis shall be lost in shame;  
 And his coadjutors, if named at all,  
 Will be enroll'd on infamy's dark scroll;  
 And I, who now am old, and long ago  
 Saw signs of slavery's final overthrow,  
 But had no hope that I should live to see,  
 The day of our poor bondmen's jubilee—  
 Rejoice that what the South was fighting for,  
 Has ended with her base pro-slavery war,  
 And humbly hope the scourge of war no more  
 May drench in blood and desolate our shore;  
 And on the "Fourth," which now is drawing nigh,  
 Our "orators" need tell no flaunting lie,  
 Nor speak, as once they did, in boastful strains,  
 Of "liberty," while millions were in chains.

## CONCLUSION.

And for the desolated South, O ! Lord,  
 Since the insurgents have resign'd the sword,  
 We pray Thy favor may be further shown,  
 Than in her darker days of sin was known ;  
 That the poor exiles from their native shore,  
 May, through Thy mercy, see their homes once more—  
 And quiet find where scenes of bloody strife  
 So long gave no security for life.  
 Let our afflicted land be purged from guilt,  
 And the waste places of the South rebuilt—  
 That scenes of thrift and peace may be survey'd,  
 Where fire and sword had desolation made.  
 Let churches rise where heathen darkness reign'd,  
 While slavery her ascendancy maintain'd,  
 And missionary labors through Thy grace,  
 Be blest, for good, to Afric's injured race ;  
 While science with religion, hand in hand,  
 May shed her light on a benighted land—  
 Where, in some places, all was dark before,  
 As on most parts of Afric's own shore.  
 And further, Lord ! we crave Thy blessing for  
 The wives and children of the slain in war ;  
 Who, though approving slavery from the first,  
 And in the hot-beds of rebellion nursed,  
 Have lost their all where plund'ring armies went,  
 And of secession, when too late, repent !  
 Let all the poor be from Thy bounty fed,  
 And no one perish for the want of bread.  
 And for the tyrants who have lost their power,  
 And sadly feel the changes of the hour,



Give each, O ! Lord, the heart of a wean'd child,  
That to his state he may be reconciled—  
And act with justice towards the class who now  
No more to chains, at his dictation bow,  
And find the future blest a thousand fold  
Beyond the times when men were bought and sold ;  
And for Thy work of mercy, gracious God !  
Which freed the bondman from the tyrant's rod,  
And raised him from a chattel to a man,  
Heir of salvation on Thy glorious plan—  
Inspire the ransom'd millions with one voice,  
To sing " God reigneth, let the earth rejoice,"  
And all opposing elements be still,  
Or say " Amen " because it is Thy will.

PLEASANT PLAIN, IOWA,  
7th month, 1st, 1865.

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 172 \\
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